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PULPIT UTTERANCES.

Words of Counsel and Advice in Sunday Sermons—President's Death the Theme—Anarchy Touched Upon By All and Remedies for Evils Prescribed.

The death of President McKinley was referred to by the clergy in nearly all churches Sunday. Among the strong sermons preached in Arlington, Lexington and Belmont the following extracts are given:

LEXINGTON.

The following is an extract from a sermon by Rev. C. A. Staples, Sunday morning, at the First Parish Unitarian church:

Our beloved president has fallen under the enmity of these desperate men; not for any wrong he has done to them or to the nation. A truer patriot, a wiser statesman and kinder-hearted, Christian gentleman has never filled that great office. He has endeared himself to men of all parties and sections for his singleness of purpose to execute the will of the people, expressed in their laws and the action of congress, for to what he believed to be the best interests of the country and its honor as one of the great nations of the world; for the uprightness and purity of his life; for his desire to meet the highest and the humblest people of the land face to face and be regarded as one with them in friendly intercourse. Nothing in his life more became him than the way in which he bore the calamity which befell him and the manner of his departure from the world. He died like a gentleman and a Christian, acknowledging the will of God in the assassin's hand and submitting to it.

The hand that shot President McKinley wounded you and me. This act shook somewhat our faith in progress and democracy. We deplore his untimely end, and we deplore the fact that the hateful spirit of anarchy should be manifesting itself in this free and glorious republic.

The country still lives; but the problem of the election, the striking of democratic institutions is yet to be solved. One thing is sure—that we must be less and less indifferent in regard to crime. The criminal and especially the anarchist must be promptly and severely dealt with. The law's delay is responsible for much of the temerity of the wicked and wickedness is a whole world's dread that wrongdoing would be speedily and severely punished. It is a time for pause and serious reflection; a time to take our bearings; to consider where we are and whither we are tending. We have become very great and are vastly prosperous, but we are still on trial. Religion is a low ebbs amongst us. We are in danger of forgetting God. The higher sanctities are disregarded, and our social and civil life is taking on a lower tone.

WAVERLEY.

In the Unitarian church, Rev. Charles A. Allen preached on the nobility of the late president's character and the deep impression it has made upon our American people, especially in these last days when the sympathy of the nation has been so cordially and so unanimously and sincerely religiousness has had a widespread and gracious influence. In conclusion, Mr. Allen said:

We do not really think of President McKinley as a martyr. His untimely taking off seems to be rather a result of one man's murderous craze than an expression of the taking of bitterness and revenge in certain causes, as the death of Lincoln was caused by the intense passions which the Civil war had left behind in many hearts. And yet we shall hardly measure the full historic meaning of this tragedy, or see its true importance as a lesson and a warning, unless we recognize that, in a certain sense, it was a martyrdom. For the murderous hate which took his life was an outbreak of that frantic and furious rebellion against the established institutions and orderly methods of our civil life—a rebellion which was, no doubt, in great degree prompted by the bitter sufferings and privations under which multitudes are crushed today, even in our own favored land; a rebellion which, in its ignorance and passion, strikes blindly at the wisest and the noblest, and has often caused a reaction of frenzied vengeance, or at least a severity of repression which intensifies the sufferings of certain classes, deepens the gulf of estrangement and hatred between them and the more favored classes, discourages any efforts to study and relieve the actual wrongs and sorrows of restless multitudes, and to convert the injustices of our present social order, and thus sets back for a time the cause of social reform.

A striking instance of this blind ferocity and mischief happened at the time of the New York "draft riots" during our Civil war. The mob held possession of the streets of New York for a day or two, and sent two men to the gallows before Washington, and among other atrocities the rabble wrecked the house of the Gibbons family, because it

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BEST.

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Belmont and Waverley

Subscriptions may be left at La Bonte's drug store at Belmont, or at Connor's news store or with F. A. Chandler, Waverley. Subscription price, 75 cents per year, for a limited period only.

The Enterprise is for sale in Waverley by H. D. Rogers, Waverley Cafe, John Connor's news store at Waverley, and at Belmont by Frank La Bonte.

BELMONT.

Miss Susan Jackson White, of Goden street, died Wednesday after a long illness. She was 84 years of age and came to Belmont from Boston where she had been residing at the Brunswick hotel for several years. The funeral services will be held in the chapel at Forest Hills cemetery, at 2.30 o'clock this afternoon.

The Belmont kindergarten will open Tuesday morning over the postoffice at 10 o'clock. Any child between three and a half and five years of age will be cordially welcome, and special cases of children over five years will be considered by the committee in charge on application to Miss Clara S. Sherwood, the principal.

That the way of the transgressor is a hard one was illustrated Monday, when Michael Dittolo was fined \$10 in the district court for the larceny of 50 pears. Dittolo was arrested Sunday while appropriating pears from a Belmont orchard.

The Democratic caucus will be held in Belmont town hall building next Thursday evening.

A joint caucus for the Republicans of the 14th Middlesex representative district, consisting of Watertown and Belmont, will be held Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock in the town hall building, for the purpose of nominating a candidate for representative to the general court for 1902; also to elect a representative district committee.

Mr. Creely is again a candidate for the house of representatives.

Owing to the fact that the selectmen considered that the memorial services held Thursday in accordance with the president's proclamation were a sufficient testimonial of the loyalty of Belmont they did not deem it necessary or advisable to call a citizens' meeting, as was the case at the time of President Garfield's death. At that time the exercises were most impressive as a quartet, remembered by some of the older citizens, and present Selectman Thomas W. Davis and Wm. D. Howells were the principal speakers.

The Arlington Gas Light Co. has been granted a permit by a gas main to further increase the supply in Belmont and give better service. It will probably be laid through Pleasant street to Leonard, from the Arlington line and from thence through Common street.

We very much regret the mistake which was made concerning the will of the late C. H. Hayden, but it was due to a remarkable coincidence and was one which is likely to occur in a case where the both men had the same name and both being artists.

The parish rooms of the All Saints' church society have been moved to the house formerly occupied by Winthrop Brown on Pleasant street. The rooms have been most comfortably fitted up.

Mrs. Winthrop Brown recently gave birth to a little son.

An alarm from box 21 called the Belmont fire apparatus to a blaze at Hill's Crossing Sunday evening, but the men were unable to do anything, as there was no water supply and the building was inaccessible. It was a one-story affair.

Ned Davis has returned from an extended bicycle trip.

Rev. Henry and Mrs. Bygrave and Miss Livermore started for the Catskill mountains Thursday evening. They will attend the Unitarian National conference at Saratoga, later.

All flags in Belmont were at half mast Thursday as they have been since the death of President McKinley and will continue to be for thirty days. The decorations were not numerous, but those which did appear were displayed in good advantage. The Unitarian society and the Plymouth society united in a memorial service in the church on Concord avenue at 2 o'clock.

The Literary and Debating society of the high school met Wednesday and nominated officers.

WAVERLEY.

Comrade Elina N. Pierce has returned from the national encampment, G. A. R., at Cleveland, O. Mr. Pierce visited the exposition at Buffalo enroute.

F. A. Chandler, who has been spending a portion of his vacation time at Buffalo, was present at the Wilcox house parlor at the inauguration of President Roosevelt, and also viewed the remains of our late and much mourned President McKinley.

Edward Bemis is expected home today from a vacation spent at Montreal, Buffalo and Chautauqua.

The Young People's Religious union, of the Unitarian church, will meet tomorrow evening. Committees are to be appointed to assist at the November fair at Hotel Vendome, Boston.

Howard Coon, a well known builder of large edifices in Boston and vicinity, died at the McLean hospital, last Friday morning, aged 45 years. He was born in the state of New York, but the major part of his life was spent in Boston. He was engaged for years in business with his two brothers, James, now deceased, and John. He retired from the concern some time ago. He leaves a mother, three brothers and a sister.

The death of Mary Collins, 72 years, took place at McLean asylum, Saturday night. For more than 50 years she was an inmate of the asylum, crazy over dis-

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UNIVERSAL SORROW.

Memorial Services Thursday in Honor of the Martyred President.

Hundreds of People Pay the Last Sad Tribute—Arlington, Lexington and Belmont Churches Crowded to Overflowing—Many Unable to Secure Admission—Business Suspends and the Day Is One of Mourning.

Thursday is a day long to be remembered as one of universal sorrow when the body of the late President McKinley was placed in its last earthly resting place. Nowhere was the day more generally observed, save at Canton, O., where the burial took place, than in the towns in this vicinity, notably Arlington, Lexington and Belmont. Business suspended in all its branches except where it was impossible to do so, and the day had a solemnity about it which has not had its equal since the funeral days of Lincoln and Garfield. People in all stations of life, from those who speak the purest English to many who converse in foreign tongues, felt the sad influences which made the day a holy one. Never were Sunday sermons more impressive than were the funeral orations delivered throughout the towns, and seldom if ever were such crowds congregated at the places where the services were held.

At the Congregational church at 3 p.m. the seating capacity was filled to its limit; extra chairs were placed in the aisles and on both sides of the church and in the rear people stood in solid lines during the entire service which lasted one and one-half hours.

At the opening the hymn "O God Our Help in Ages Past" was sung by the congregation, followed by scripture readings by Rev. Harry F. Flister, anthem by the Twentieth Century Choral society, responsive readings, conducted by Rev. Frederick Gill, prayer by Rev. Charles H. Watson, D. D., response by a quartet, and an address by Rev. John G. Taylor, of Park avenue church. He said:

The only adequate tribute to our martyred president in this burdened hour is the silent grief of the nation. Throughout the length and breadth of the land millions of fellow countrymen are bowed in sorrow too deep for tears, and the body of our late chief, as being committed to the earth. To this great multitude we belong. Yet it becomes us—even though in broken sentences—to give expression to our anguish of heart. In language dear to him we too, are constrained to say in these sad moments,

"Lead kindly light! Amid the encircling gloom,

Lead thou me on."

No man could evoke so profound and genuine a grief from the nation and from the whole world as we now witness, except he were fortunate in the high order of his natural endowments, and great in his untarnished manhood. Even a tragedy cannot rescue from contempt an unworthy soul.

William McKinley was born in Ohio, Jan. 29, 1843—a little over fifty-eight and a half years ago—of Scotch ancestry from the north of Ireland, who came to this country about 1742. His parents belonged to the great middle class who make up the larger part of the nation. They were rich only in the elements of worthy character. Their son, William—the seventh in a family of nine—obtained his education mostly in the public schools, with a brief period at a private academy, and in Allegheny college. Later he taught school and became a clerk in a country postoffice.

When 16 he became a member of the Methodist church, at a little over 18 he was listed as a private in the 23d Ohio regiment, and served through the Civil war, coming out of that great struggle a brevet major. He was not yet quite twenty-two and a half years old. The next two years were spent in the study of law, and at twenty-four years of age he was admitted to the bar in his native state, and began the practice of his profession in Canton. Four years later he married a beautiful young woman who won with breaking heart mourns his death.

He won distinction in his profession, but was drawn into public life early in his career. With only a few years of experience he was a member of congress in the house—for about 15 years; twice he was elected governor of Ohio, and in 1897, and again in 1901 he was chosen president of the nation. Thus came the cruel death which we mourn today.

This briefest mention of Mr. McKinley's career by no means conveys any idea of the greatness of his life, the depth and reach of his life. He was yet in his prime when pierced by the assassin's bullet. Only a little over fifty-eight years of age, and yet he had risen from the common walk in life to the highest honor and greatest trust within the gift of the people. No man could stumble upon so great a distinction, for there's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will.

Mr. McKinley was amply endowed by nature for the great trust committed to him by the people. In body he was strong and clean, in mind clear and practical and sagacious, in will tenacious of measures believed to be timely and right, in moral nature resolute and unflinching and bold, and in religious life free from all narrowness and as trusting and open-minded as a child.

No man could have endured the fearful strain, immediately preceding and during the Spanish war except his bodily health were good. And the strain upon his mind and heart was even greater than upon his body. The whole man was called to bear a burden greater than any other president except Lincoln. Men are not made, but they are tested by the occasion. The opportunity cannot make a hero out of a coward or a statesman out of a self-seeker. The elements of a noble man are foundational for the large services that the elements were included in the national endowment of our martyred president.

Among his gifts was a genius for friendship. Men who differed from him in judgment, and felt obliged to condemn in strong language his policy, loved him with unquenchable affection. And those who associated with him in guiding the ship of state through stormy seas unite in bearing testimony to his kind, considerate and generous and lovable spirit. When in the last hour they beheld the face of their dying chief these strong men of wide and great experience were unable to keep back the tears from their eyes or anguish from their faces. Bereft almost in an instant of this strong man's presence they found relief in unrestrained sorrow.

This rare gift for making friends of all men from every walk in life was his in large measure. The educated and ignorant, the rich and poor, discovered in Mr. McKinley a friendly as by instinct. His personal touch was but the expression of his grace of soul. Such a power is among the great gifts. Few have it in large measure, but those to whom it is given are natural leaders of men. No gift for friendship could grow in an insincere soul. Mental and moral integrity is a condition for comradeship, as for permanent leadership. Men may blunder in judgment and not feel our respect, but they must not be dishonest. Integrity of soul we insist upon. Our martyred president never concealed his

convictions or changed them in response to outside pressure. He was always open to conviction, and never reluctant to confess an error, when he was so convinced. Other men have been rash, where he has been cautious; other men have urged their ideas, regardless of the fitness of the hour, while he sought the opportune moment for his cause. Let no man ever keep his integrity of soul more sacred than William McKinley.

In time of business misfortune he almost begged himself, to fulfill the obligation which came upon him because of friendship's pledges. And he would sooner have cut off his right hand than mutilate his moral nature. Conviction with him involving a moral principle, imposed obligation.

Men do not always see the worth of moral integrity, and yet the inspiration to lesser souls of one strong man in high station is great. Too many are willing to sell their birthright, as Esau of old; too many subordinate public interest to private gain; too many compromise with the duty of the hour by ignoring conscience; and, therefore, when we see a man who did not hesitate to do his duty as he saw it, we are grateful to Almighty God for giving him to us.

This was true of Mr. McKinley in peace or in war when as a private and officer he faced death on many a battlefield in the Civil war, or as president of this great nation he spoke the word that broke the power of a cruel nation in the western world and set an heroic people free.

A man of integrity becomes a great force in society when he is also an idealist, and if his station in life be a high one, that force becomes a power. Mr. McKinley will be associated with a new era in our government, as was Lincoln and Washington. There came to him an ideal of national greatness transcending any vision previously seen by prophet or statesman, and he never faltered in his devotion to it. He believed in Democracy, in the measureless possibilities of an enlightened and morally sound people, and he hesitated not to urge the whole assumption of obligation among the nations of the earth. As an idealist he staggered the faith of some in the boldness of his vision. This simple, untitled man from the country, as were many of his predecessors, in nothing showed his nobility of nature more than in his beautiful devotion to his invalid wife. He started to disappoint a nation in order to be by her bedside in what seemed a serious sickness. Thirty years of wedded life only strengthened the covenant which bound them to each other in youth. Not even the pressure of a nation, with its high distinction and absorbing demands, could weaken that tie. To him the home was sacred—both by love and by divine decree. Some men with not a tithe of his burden could find time to keep their conjugal vows, while others break them, as tow that is burnt in the fire, at the behest of base ambition. Our late president saw in the home a divine institution without which, in its purity and love and beauty, no nation can hope to long hold a foremost place among the great nations of the earth. I am sure this virtue will shine in the crown which we place upon our martyred dead. Many noble and heroic things will be recalled of him in the years to come, but none will outshine this beautiful and tender devotion to his invalid wife.

Yet the elements of greatness in this man which have been mentioned—his genius for friendship, his integrity of soul in public and private life, his idealism, especially for the nation in its new epoch, his undiminished devotion to his wife—all merge in that one supreme consecration of his life to God, made when he was only sixteen years old and faithfully kept throughout his life. Apart from his Christian faith we cannot think of McKinley any more than of Lincoln and Garfield, alike martyrs with him. No man can be really great who has not a sublime faith in God, for religion begets confidence and hope and inspires, as in no other way, for heroic endeavor. His beliefs were not narrow, his affections were not local for every Christian, every goodman, found in him a companion in faith. No matter how exalted the station, how brilliant and gay the company, his faith in God was never obscured or dimmed. He made error in judgment, his friends might be called upon to oppose him, and the clouds big with threatening storm might fill the sky, but this simple man of God could any moment rise at the prayer of John Henry Newman:

"So long thy power has blessed me, sure it still

Will lead me on

O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till

The night is gone;

And with the morn those angel faces smile

As I have loved long since and lost awhile."

The awful tragedy which bereft a nation of its leader and the people of a friend evokes a sorrow for death and universality only paralleled by the death of Lincoln. Yet out of this overwhelming grief come the strong words of the dying president:

"Nearer my God to Thee.

Nearer to Thee."

In this prayer his deepest life found its natural expression, as did also his tender love for his friends and his shaken confidence in God in those last words that fell from his lips: "Good by all—good by. It is God's way. His will be done, God ours."

Because this man of God has passed from among us into the home of just men made perfect, a nation weeps today; and in lowered flags, and in flowers, and tolling bells, and in impressive assemblies and most of all in the silent grief this people to whom he belonged and the whole civilized world would pay beautiful and tender tribute to his worth as a man, as a Christian, and as the chosen leader of a great nation.

"Lead, kindly light" was sung by the congregation, followed by an address by Rev. James Yeames. He spoke as follows:

The silence of death is always eloquent. Even in the death of the humblest man the sublime and awful shadow of eternity falls across the path of life, and in the sudden and solemn stillness is heard the voice of God.

How much more so when death strikes a man whose life has been a life of sorrowing group of kinsmen but the millions of the people.

God speaks—let men listen and strive to interpret and obey the message of the hour.

The lessons of a noble life have been movingly set before us. Who can estimate the power and influence of that life as an inspiration to the young manhood of America? Beyond all price, precious beyond all fame of military prowess or political genius, is the memory of a pure and noble life in highest place. The seats of the mighty have been sometimes the seats of the malignant and merciless. The throne of power has sometimes been the throne of iniquity.

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ENGLISH BEAUTY.

HOW THE STANDARD HAS CHANGED IN EIGHTY YEARS.

Once Everything Depended Upon the Eyes—The Burne-Jones, Rossetti and Du Maurier Types—What Is Liked Today.

A famous living artist, a great authority on what is peculiarly the study and aim of art—beauty—has been heard to maintain that women of our generation have a quite uncanny power of altering themselves for the overthrow and enslavement of their victim, man. If it be true at all, it is probable they always had that power and almost certain they never let it lapse for want of using it. And certainly when we look round at the pretty English girls of this present year it seems as if it were true. What is true is that the type seems to have completely changed.

Some eighty years ago a famous chaperon used to lay down as the condition of certain triumph that a girl should have eyes. Other points of beauty went for nothing or for little. If she had eyes she would do, and by "do" that much requisitioned chaperon meant that she was sure to capture a desirable husband. And the painters of those days showed us what sort were the eyes that did all the mischief. They were not demure, or provoking, or flashing; they were simply large, lazy, languorous and generally blue.

There was nothing "unholy" in the expression of the eyes; it was only in the color; they were essentially ingenuous eyes. Lady Hamilton had them, but Romney managed generally so to deepen them with shadow that you never realized the color as blue. Now, with this beauty of eyes, and especially of blue eyes, came the beauty of complexion, the healthy pink and white of the late Georgian and even the early Victorian era. We have but to turn to any portrait of that time to see that the oval face, "the blue eye, dear and dewy, and the infantine sweet air of her" were what the painter knew his sitter would expect.

Then came the change. Rossetti, so to speak, discovered throats. Du Maurier made us look at china. Hazlitt sang the praises of pallor, passion pale pallor; eyes were forgotten or overlooked and "regularity" was unnecessary to noses. Figures became long and angular, dress ignored figure and changed to drapery, and the whole type altered. Burne-Jones, Rossetti and Du Maurier seemed to have fashioned between them a new kind of beautiful woman. The portraits of the seventies record the changing fashion and it was part of it that the age of beauty was thought to come later in the life of woman. The type passed to exaggeration in the aesthetic craze, but, all the same, throat and chin and mouth and pallor ruled us and eyes and complexion went for little or nothing.

But the reaction was inevitable and not long delayed. It has come already. Women have again uncannily changed themselves for the destruction of man. The Rossetti type is disappearing and gradually giving place to two other types, which indeed have little in common. One may frankly be called the Romney type. The hair is brown and curly, the face is short, the nose is slightly upturned, the corners of the mouth turn up a little too. The only word of praise which you know would be inapplicable is "dignified." It is a soubrette kind of beauty, captivating, provocative, domestic, certainly not overintellectual, with no great tendency to literature or art, winsome, and conscious of its irresistibility. You see it just now largely leaving all classes of English society. There is nothing of the grande dame about it. Can you fancy one of the Rossetti-Du Maurier type beauties ever stooping to conquer, ever descending to the barmaid, and yet remaining Miss Hardcastle? You will see the type all through London today, in ladies, in shopgirls, in servants, a type very attractive for its healthy, lovable comeliness. Romney gave it to us for our admiration, and the London hairdresser has helped most girls more or less to come under it. The short locks with the curves support the curves of the retreating nose, give zest and piquancy to the impertinence of the face, and give to the whole type its provocative charm. It certainly is not a refined kind. The face is broad, fat, white. The nose is rather shapeless. The ears are rather large and decidedly ugly. The mouth has little form in its lines, no firmness when it closes, little expression when it lies open. The roll of that black hair accentuates all these defects, and brings many individuals, really unlike, apparently under the same type. It won't last.

But there is another form of face which we have begun to see latterly which is a type and which has come to stay. Its beauty is more or less that of the early Victorian type. The eye here has for its essential a natural outlook. It does not beg the charity of notice, it does not care for it, but enjoys itself in the world and has its beauty from its pleasure. The bridge of the nose now returns to its normal importance. It is seen as that of the delicately lifted aquiline.

Du Maurier thirty years ago annexed the high bridge, accentuated its defects and made it the special preserve of the dowager duchesses. The ugliness of the exaggeration has now passed away. The delicate aquiline has a beauty of its own, especially when with it comes in once more the large eye that has room for a large lid. This type has also the charm of complexion, a wholesome red and white, cheeks that can blush subcutaneously, a face that ignores the surface of powder and the tint of rouge. This beauty, all the same, is rather dollish and of a stupid kind, with its chin apt to be weak and its brow low and shrewish. It is essentially aristocratic and belongs to the granddaughters of Du Maurier's dowagers.—London News.

They Can't Swim.

It is a curious fact that the girls and women who live along the coast and can handle any kind of boat from a dory to a sloop, and are as competent with the newer naphtha or gasoline launches as the men, are unable to swim, with few exceptions. Although they bend a good part of their lives on the water, they seem to have an aversion to going into it. But this ignorance of the art of swimming is not confined to the one sex. Many of the oldest and most experienced "cap'n's" who have spent their lives making or managing boats, will admit that they "ain't much on swimmin'" though they could do "a few strokes, p'raps, if put to it."—New York Press.

MODES OF THE DAY.

Pretty Dresses For the Fall Campaign—Many Mills Among Them.
Rarely has the demand been so extensive in Paris for fashions as this summer. The materials have been manufactured in the prettiest designs and colors. Some examples quite resemble tweed or coarse grained cloth, yet all have the practical qualities of a washing material. The increasing popularity for such gowns has certainly brought forth an enormous display of beautiful designs.

It may be interesting to note that not many years ago a chic Parisienne would certainly not have promenade in the street dressed in a white pique or linen costume, whereas today the making of a linen toilet has reached almost the perfection of a tailor made garment or even the more elegant toilettes de visites.

Embroideries and lace incrustations with ribbon trimmings have ornamented many of the dressy cambric and linen gowns made this season, while the simple tailor made style is distinctly evident, composed of the coarse colored linen in dresses for morning and seaside wear.

For the short journeys and jaunts of late summer and early autumn these linen tailor makes (plain skirts and boleros with turn-down collars) are admirable, being cooler and more comfortable than wool and not permanently injured by the soil and stain of travel.

The cut shows an elegant Paris afternoon gown of embroidered linen trimmed with lace. The vest is mousseline.



PARIS TOILETTE DE VISITE OF LINEN.

de sole, finished with black ribbon velvet. Black ribbon velvet and black and white roses trip the white hat.

A good many pretty dresses are being prepared for the autumn campaign at country houses, and there are more silks among them than for a long time. A gray taffeta, trimmed with graduated rows of insertion all beautifully embroidered as a heading to a foot flounce, a full bodice trimmed with the same lace and tiny bows of black velvets is among some very pretty gowns to be worn at a garden party.

The sister of the wearer has a dress of a slightly lighter tone, cut en princesse, with tiny plaits round the hips. She has a tall, elegant figure, and there is a deep flounce made very full. The bolero is embroidered, and a slight shimmering of pink is seen here and in the lace vest that is interthreaded with silver.

A light green muslin, with black chintilly lace and tiny stripes of narrow velvet here and there, has an old world look about it on account of the medallions of lace which head the flounce and the quaint way, revived from the beginning of last century, in which the skirt is sewed to the bodice.

The evening dresses for country house parties are certainly very lovely, and there seems to be a disposition to wear most sparkling, shimmering gowns, such as black net covered with steel sequins, accompanied by a wreath, put well forward, of steel flowers, with a soft layer of tulle behind.

Into the skirt white incrustated lace had been applied, covered with the same sparkling sequins, and a light cerise ribbon had been brought from one side across the bodice into a large chou.

Many evening gowns display a new style of flounce, the upper part of silk, velvet or satin, the lower part of colored muslin, lace or esprit net, feather-stitched, hemstitched and embroidered.

Notes From The Jewellers' Circular.
Pearls from single strand necklets to many rowed wide bands, pearls genuine and pearls in excellent imitation pearls perfect and pearls baroque, are the season's neck ornament par excellence.

The vogue of earring and bracelet is unquestioned, though not unlimited, their use being a matter of individual taste, especially as to the former.

Unusually large red coral beads form some single strand necklaces and are used in spacing off gold chains. Coral is now a well established article in jewelry.

A pretty feature in popular styles of ladies' gold watches is the coloring of the figures on the open white dial in light pink, light green or other tints.

La Valliere chains afford opportunity for so much originality and variety that the high favor they enjoy is not surprising.

Long, carved bar links alternating with rings furnish a pleasing change in the pattern of long chains.

A new flexible golden serpent girdle is the latest adaptation of a favorite motif in the jewelry of the present.

Extraordinary large openwork balls, topped with a jewel, figure among latest hatpins.

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ARLINGTON FIVE-CENT SAVINGS BANK.
Bank building, corner Massachusetts avenue and Pleasant street. William G. Peck, president; H. Blaisdale, secretary and treasurer. Open daily from 3 to 5.30 p.m.; Wednesday and Saturday evenings from 7 to 9.

ARLINGTON BOAT CLUB.
Meets first Monday in each month at clubhouse on margin of Spy pond. Admission fee, \$10; annual dues, \$15.
ARLINGTON FINANCE CLUB.
Meets by invitation fourth Tuesday in each month.

FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONS.
Hiram Lodge.
Meets in Masonic hall, corner Massachusetts avenue and Medford street, Thursday on or before the full moon.
Menotomy Royal Arch Chapter.
Meets third Tuesday of each month in Masonic hall.

INDEPENDENT ORDER OF ODD FELLOWS.
Bethel Lodge, No. 12.
Meets in Odd Fellows hall, Bank building every Wednesday evening, at 8. Ida F. Butler Rebekah Lodge, No. 152.
Meets first and third Monday evenings of each month in Bethel lodge room.

ANCIENT ORDER OF UNITED WORKMEN.
Circle Lodge, No. 77.
Meets first and third Fridays of each month in Grand Army hall, Massachusetts avenue, at 8 p.m.

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS.
No. 109.
Meets second and fourth Thursdays of each month in K. of C. hall, over Shattuck's store.

ROYAL ARCANUM.
Menotomy Council, No. 1781.
Meets first and third Tuesdays of each month in Grand Army hall, 370 Massachusetts avenue, at 8 p.m.

UNITED ORDER INDEPENDENT ODD LADIES.
Golden Rule Lodge, No. 51.
Meets in G. A. R. hall, the second and fourth Tuesday evenings in each month.

GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.
Francis Gould Post, No. 36.
Meets in G. A. R. hall, Massachusetts avenue, second and fourth Thursdays of each month, at 8 o'clock p.m.

Women's Relief Corps, No. 43.
Meets in G. A. R. hall, Massachusetts avenue, second and fourth Thursday afternoons of each month, at 2 o'clock.

SONS OF VETERANS.
Camp 45.
Meets in G. A. R. hall, on the third Wednesday of each month, at 8 o'clock p.m.

WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION.
Meets in St. John's Parish house, Maple street, second and fourth Tuesdays of each month.

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.
Division 23.
Meets in Hibernian hall, corner Mystic and Chestnut streets, first and third Thursdays of each month, at 7.30 p.m.

Division 43.
Meets first Tuesday in each month, at K. of C. hall.

FORESTERS OF AMERICA.
Court Pride of Arlington.
Meets in K. of C. hall, the first and third Mondays of each month.

MASSACHUSETTS CATHOLIC ORDER OF FORESTERS.
St. Malachi Court.
Meets at Hibernian hall first and third Thursdays.

ROBBINS PUBLIC LIBRARY.
Building is open to the public as follows: Sundays, 2.30 to 5.30 p.m.; Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 12 a.m., 1 to 6 and 7 to 9 p.m.; book room, 1 to 6 p.m.; Wednesdays, 10 to 12 a.m., 1 to 9 p.m.; book room, 1 to 9 p.m.; Saturdays, 10 to 12 a.m., 1 to 9 p.m.; book room, 1 to 9 p.m.; Wednesdays, Saturdays and Sundays only, during the month of August.

Arlington Heights Branch.
Open Tuesdays and Saturdays from 1 to 6, 7 to 9 p.m. Thursdays, 3 to 6, 7 to 9 p.m.

TOWN OFFICERS.
Selectmen meet at their office in town hall on the last Monday evening of each month, for approval of bills. Regular meetings each Saturday evening.

Town clerk and treasurer, office hours, 9 a.m. to 12 m.; 2 to 5 p.m.; also Mondays, 7 to 9 p.m.; Saturdays, 9 a.m. to 12 m. only.

Board of health, on call of chairman. Engineers fire department, Saturday before last Monday, each month.

School committee, third Tuesday evening, monthly.

Sever commissioners, on call of chairman.

Trustees of cemetery, on call of chairman.

Water commissioners, first Saturday in each month.

FIRE DEPARTMENT.
Hose No. 1, on Park avenue; Hose No. 2, on Massachusetts avenue; Menotomy hook and ladder; Hose No. 3, on Broadway; Brackett chemical; Eagle hose, Henderson street.

ARLINGTON FIRST PARISH.
(Unitarian.)
Corner Massachusetts avenue and Pleasant street. Rev. Frederic Gilchrist, pastor. Boards with Mrs. J. C. Harris, 23 Academy street. Sunday morning preaching service at 10.45; Sunday school at noon, except July and August.

ARLINGTON BAPTIST CHURCH.
Services on Sunday in Grand Army hall, Massachusetts avenue. Rev. Charles H. Watson, D. D., minister. Residence, 26 Academy street. Sunday service at 10.45 a.m.; Sunday school at noon hour; Y. P. S. E. meeting at 6 p.m.; evening church service at 7.15 o'clock.

ARLINGTON HEIGHTS BAPTIST CHURCH.
Cor. of Westminister and Park Avenues. Sunday services: morning worship and sermon, 10.45 a.m.; Sunday school, 12 m.; evening service with short talk, 7 p.m. Weekly prayer meeting, Friday evening, 7.45 p.m.

ARLINGTON HEIGHTS METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.
Services in Crescent hall, Preaching Sunday 10.45 a.m. Sunday school, 12 m. Song service, 7 p.m. Preaching, 4.45 p.m.

ORTHODOX CONGREGATIONAL.
Corner Pleasant and Maple streets. Rev. Samuel C. Bushnell, pastor; residence on Maple street, opposite the church. Sunday services at 10.45 a.m.; Y. P. S. E. at 6.30 p.m.; Sunday school at 1.30 p.m., except during July and August. Friday evenings, at 7.30, social service in vestry.

FIRST UNIVERSALIST.
Massachusetts avenue, opposite Academy street. Rev. Harry Fay Plater, pastor. Gray street. Sunday services in the morning at 10.45; Sunday school at noon, except during July and August; Y. P. Union at 6.30 p.m.

ST. JOHN'S EPISCOPAL.
Corner Academy and Maple streets. Rev. the Rev. Theodorus Freeman, Sunday services at 10.30 a.m.; other services according to church calendar.

PARK AVENUE CHURCH.
(Orthodox Congregational.)
Corner Park and Wollaston avenues, Arlington Heights. Rev. John G. Taylor, pastor. Sunday morning service at 10.45; Sunday school at 12.15; Y. P. S. C. E. meeting at 6.30 p.m.; Sunday afternoon at 3.10. Junior C. E. meeting; Friday evening at 7.45, prayer meeting.
ST. AGNES, CATHOLIC.
Corner Medford and Chestnut streets. Rev. John M. Mulcahy, pastor; Rev. A. J. Fitzgerald, Rev. A. S. Malone, assistants. Reside at parsonage, 24 Gray street, next to church. Mass at 7 and 9 a.m.; high mass at 10.30; Sunday school at 2.30 p.m.; vespers at 3.30 p.m.
ARLINGTON LINE BIBLE SCHOOL.
Corner Massachusetts Avenue and Tannery Street.
Services—Every Sunday afternoon at 3.30; preaching at 7.30 Sunday evenings; Thursday evening meeting at 7.45.

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16—Cor. Mass. Ave. and Linwood St.
17—Lake St., opp. D. Wyman's house.
18—Union St., opp. Fremont.
22—No School.
23—Junction Broadway and Warren St.
24—Beacon St., near Warren.
25—On Wm. Fenn House.
26—Cor. Medford St. and Lewis Ave.
27—Cor. Mystic and Summer Sts.
28—Mystic St., near Fairview Ave.
29—Pleasant, near Lake St.
30—Cor. Pleasant and Gray Sts.
31—Wellington and Addison Sts.
32—On Town Hall—Police Station.
33—Russell St., cor. Russell Terrace.
34—Academy St., near Maple.
35—Cor. Mass. Ave. and Midl St.
36—Cor. Summer and Grove Sts.
37—On Highland House.
38—Brattle St., near Dudley.
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THE ENTERPRISE.

WILSON PALMER, . . . Editor.
Telephone 301-2.

[Entered as Second-Class Matter.]

Saturday, September 21, 1901.

THE ENTERPRISE IS FOR SALE IN ARLINGTON BY:

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H. P. Longley, Elevated waiting room, Heights.
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Edward I. McKenzie, B. & M. station, Heights.

SUCH GRIEF.

Such grief has seldom been manifested as has been manifested during the present week throughout the length and breadth of our land over the untimely and cruel death of President McKinley. All the way from Buffalo to Washington, and from Washington to Canton, men and women have turned aside from their usual avocations with uncovered heads and with weeping eyes to look for a brief moment upon the funeral cortege bearing the dead president to the home he loved so dearly and so tenderly. The nation is in tears.

A MANLY TRIBUTE.

That was a manly and eloquent tribute paid the dead president by William J. Bryan, as published in the Boston papers Wednesday. While Mr. Bryan does honor to the memory of Mr. McKinley, he does equal honor to himself, and in a beautiful way demonstrates that under a purely Democratic government, as is ours, political aspirants for the chief executive office of the nation may meet face to face in the political field where "Greek meets Greek," and yet each recognize the noble, manly qualities of the other. Mr. Bryan has still further endeared himself to the American people by the heart offering he lays upon the grave of the lamented McKinley.

THE NATION MOURNS.

The nation mourns, for an appalling calamity has befallen the American people. In this hour of intensest grief all alike stand dazed at the cruel death of William McKinley, our chief executive, who stood among the foremost of the rulers of the earth. When the sad message of his death came over the wires, all heads became bowed, and all hearts became stricken with the great sorrow. In this hour of well nigh universal grief, it is recognized that President McKinley was a born leader of men. He saw with that rare intuition which took in the full sweep of possibilities awaiting the future of this new world. While Lincoln saved the country from a threatened and imminent death, McKinley brought to it a new birth, so that it took on larger and grander proportions, until now it has become one of the leading powers in all national life. President McKinley, with a marvellous foresight, saw the logical relationship existing, or which should exist, between the nations of the earth. His full estimate of our national life stretched out and beyond the border line of his own country, until it took in the life of the whole family of nations. The political problem which he so successfully solved was to work out in its final solution that happy international life which would substantially make a family grouping of all the kingdoms of the earth. President McKinley, in the executive office at Washington which he so adorned, recognized the brotherhood of mankind. He ruled with an eye single to the good of his fellowmen. To him, the purpose of government was to make men better and happier. He sought to lift the burden from shoulders heavily laden with the cares and responsibilities of life. His sympathies were with the people for he was one of them. President McKinley had touched life at every objective point. He was the brother of every working man, for his own life had been one of manly and unrelenting toil. Whatever he did, he did well, because he put his whole heart into his work. He became a substantial part of whatever he attempted. He breathed upon his work, and so it became pregnant with that earnest, progressive and aggressive life which was so characteristic of the man. In all his professional life as a lawyer, and in that larger and more greatly extended and outreaching life of his as seen in the war of the rebellion, and in congress, and in the executive chair at Washington, his ideals were the purest and the best. In every instance did he face the right, so that he wrought with no misgivings. Patiently did he endure criticism knowing full well that time would make all things right. During the late Spanish war and following it, he entered no word of complaint that representatives of the press and others assailed him more or less frequently as one having ambition for the rule of empires. President McKinley saw his duty clearly and no cry of "there's a son in the way" could turn him aside. What seemed to him should be bought out in the national life. President McKinley will ever shine out, a star of the first magnitude. The married president will ever be written down brilliant factor in one of the most illustrious epochs in our national history. Today the world at large mourns the dead president, as having been one of the most distinguished representatives of the age in which he lived, and which he served so well. Still, however excellent the word that shall be spoken of President McKinley, as a leading and ruling power in public life, yet his greatest and most exalted worth will be found in the upright and loving man that he was. His long and untiring devotion to that invalid wife in itself a whole gospel of that heaven which can nowhere be found on earth, outside that home where love reigns supreme. In his constant and tender care of Mrs. McKinley, Mr. McKinley has taught the American people that home has been divinely instituted, and this, too, for the wisest of purposes. President McKinley has given to home life that larger and broader definition which has in its higher translation the beginning and ending of all earthly

success. Yes, the nation mourns a hero fallen. But behind the cloud, thank God, the sun still shines. The government at Washington still lives, and will continue to live in spite of the evil machinations of wicked men.



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Republican Caucus.

The Republicans of Arlington and all others who intend to support the Republican candidates are requested to meet in caucus in

TOWN HALL, ARLINGTON,
Wednesday, Sept. 25, 1901,

at 7:30 o'clock p. m. for the purpose of choosing six delegates each to Republican State, Councilor, County and Senatorial Conventions of 1901 and fifteen delegates to the Representative Convention; also for the purpose of electing members of a Town Committee for the year 1902, and to transact such other business as may properly come before the caucus.

This Caucus will be called to order by the Chairman of the Republican Town Committee, or by some member of said Committee. It is also called and will be held in accordance with chapter 548 of Acts of 1898 and Acts in amendment thereto.

ARTHUR J. WELLINGTON,
Chairman Town Committee.
HORACE A. FREEMAN,
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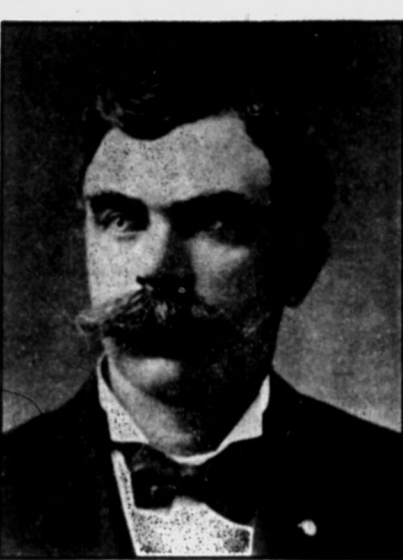
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THIRTY-FIVE INITIATED.

Arlington Foresters Promulgate Principles of Liberty, Unity, Benevolence and Concord—A Flourishing Court in Six Months.

With over one hundred members at the age of six months, Court Pride of Arlington, Foresters of America, has become one of the leading societies of Arlington. At the meeting held at K. of C. hall, Monday evening, 35 candidates were initiated into the mysteries of the order and several other propositions for membership were received on that occasion. One of the reasons for the marvelous success and growth of the court is the enthusiasm and hard work on the part of the officers, and the enthusiasm has spread among the fraternity until every member is seeking to increase the membership and to perfect the organization.

The meeting Monday evening was largely attended, not only by the members of the local court, but by the members of neighboring courts, including Deputy M. F. Kelly, of Court William E. Russell of Cambridge. After the routine business was disposed of, the chief ranger, Daniel M. Hooley, requested all to arise and remain standing for one minute out of respect for the late President McKinley.



DANIEL M. HOOLEY.

dent McKinley. Then followed the initiation of candidates by the degree staff of Court William E. Russell of Cambridge. This being over, the meeting closed and the social features began. Deputy M. F. Kelly acted as presiding officer and called upon various members of the order to respond either by songs or speeches. The evening was quickly whittled away in merrymaking. Refreshments were served.

Court Pride of Arlington was organized March 1, 1901. It was organized by Chief Ranger Hooley, without any assistance of the grand court. It then had a membership of 37 members. It has increased its numbers at nearly every meeting and promises to continue to do so for some time to come. The officers of the order are: C. R. Daniel M. Hooley, S. C. R. F. Kelly, J. B. Daley, J. S. William R. Le Blanc, J. S. P. J. Hussy, P. C. R. Daniel W. Grannon, S. J. Timothy E. Donovan, James Monroe, Jr., S. B. D. R. McDonald, J. B. Jeremiah Mahoney, trustees, John F. Connelly, John P. Dacey, John Duffy, auditors, Charles W. Grossman, Thomas Ford, D. R. McDonald, captain of the guard, A. A. Tilden. The membership is 103.

Thursday evening a number of members of the court attended a smoke talk given by Court William E. Russell of Cambridge, which was planned for the benefit of the Arlington Foresters.

No member has been more active in forestry than Chief Ranger Hooley, one of Arlington's police officers. He is 29 years of age, is married, and has a young son. Mr. Hooley began work in a greenhouse in Newton, and later was in the shipping department of Forbes Lithograph Co. of Boston. He came to Arlington 20 years ago, and for six years he employed in the shoe business on William G. Peck estate on Pleasant street. Since May, 1887, he has been a trusted and efficient officer on the Arlington police force, and on one occasion made a notable arrest of a burglar in the Arlington postoffice.

ARLINGTON'S TRIBUTE.

Arlington business houses were decorated in various ways Thursday out of respect for the late president, and all business was suspended during the greater part of the day. The Masonic hall, postoffice block and town hall were decorated in fitting style, and at Grand Army hall the flag floated at half mast as it did for several days previous. All over town flags were displayed, and a universal recognition of the nation's loss was apparent.

Perhaps the most notable window decoration was that at the local office of the New England Telephone and Telegraph Co. in Postoffice block. Black and white bunting covered the background while a portrait of the late president was the centerpiece. The national colors were also displayed to advantage. Hardy's bakery three miniature guns stacked made a pretty appearance with a portrait and flags displayed. Yerxa & Yerxa's grocery store window had a picture draped, and surrounded by begonias and other plants, with the American flag surmounting the portrait. The Arlington News Co. had a window draped in black with a portrait, and a miniature monument. The other storekeepers who decorated in some appropriate manner were O. W. Whittemore, H. A. Perham, I. E. Robinson & Co., A. Sprague, William Caldwell, C. W. Grosvenor, A. Bowditch, Arlington National bank, J. O. Holt, Parker Bros., George Russell, Fred W. Derby, W. W. Robertson, D. F. Collins, B. Romskisky, F. R. Daniels, Angelo Catrino & Co. At Arlington Heights a flag at half mast floated from the top of Matthew Rowe's store, and the principal window decorations were by L. D. Bradley, the postoffice, Mrs. A. O. Hill and Mrs. Margaret Dale.

McCARTHY—KENNISTON.

John J. McCarthy, of 352 Broadway, Cambridge, and Mary F. Kenniston, of Arlington Heights, were married Wednesday evening at St. Agnes' church at 7 o'clock, by Rev. A. S. Malone. James B. Moylan, of Cambridge, was best man, and Miss Nellie Curley, of Arlington, bridesmaid. The bride was dressed in white mousseline de soie, and the bridesmaid wore pale blue over white. Following the ceremony a reception was held at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Kenniston, of 4 Forest street, Arlington Heights. There were over 150 persons present, including those from Lexington, Cambridge, Peabody, Roxbury, Ashmont, Highlandville, Somerville, Malden and Dorchester. N. J. Hardy, of Arlington, was the caterer. Chinese lanterns strung about the lawn lent enchantment to the scene. The wedding party was composed of the bride, bridesmaid, two flower girls, and a ring bearer. Two rooms were nearly filled with presents for the happy pair, among the gifts being a silver service from Illinois. Mr. and Mrs. McCarthy will live at 21 Mt. Vernon street.

INTERNATIONAL MONTHLY.
Subscriptions for the above magazine may be left at the Lexington postoffice in care of Clifford Saville, assistant postmaster.

ELECTRIC GAS

LIGHTS

Now is the time to have your lights looked after for the Winter season. If your electric lights burn dimly call at this store and exchange old lamps for new ones.

We have a fine line of Portable Gas and Electric Table Lamps.

Gas Mantles, all kinds and prices.

Electric Novelties.

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NEW AND SECOND HAND Bicycles. Fine Repairing. Tires Vulcanized in a First-class Manner. Lawn Mowers, Scissors and Knives Ground.

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Groceries and Provisions

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Cut Flowers,

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Decorations.

W. W. Rawson's

Corner Medford and Warren Streets, Arlington.

GEO. D. MOORE,

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\$3.50 and \$3.00 for \$1.00

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Equitable Life Assurance Society.
Office, Shorebank Block, Lexington.

PULPIT UTTERANCES.

(Continued from Page One.)

was known to be an Abolitionist family, though Mrs. Gibbons was one of the most devoted toilers among the poor of that great city and her daily life was full of the sweetest and tenderest benefactions to the very class of people who now desecrated and ruined her home. Not knowing what they did, the mob was bitterly and cruelly murdering the friends of the suffering classes, who had received from her only love and blessing.

The all know the tragic consequences of the murder of Lincoln by Wilkes Booth, which threw the power of our supreme magistracy into the hands of Andrew Johnson, a man who was too narrow and prejudiced to appreciate the magnanimous policy of Lincoln towards the southern states. Intelligent southern men have ever since acknowledged that Lincoln's death was a calamity to the south.

Nevertheless, though our national benevolence is mainly caused by one man's fanatic crime, it has an impressive political lesson. It reminds us of the need of more careful study of the social unrest which pervades all of our time. It teaches us our duty, not merely to repress all violence and to punish all law-breaking, but also to probe and understand the causes of the social and local state out of which such enormities now and then flash up like volcanic eruptions, to consider patiently and intelligently the relations of different classes and different races, to inquire whether there are not many classes who suffer bitterly from social injustice, to recognize that we who are favored and prosperous have very serious duties to the less favored, and to agitate as much as we can for the reform of injustices and abuses, for the widening of social opportunities to those whose honorable labor is not adequately rewarded, and thus to create a true brotherhood in the spirit of Jesus Christ which shall bind all races and classes together. This is really the great task of the twentieth century. And while we grieve that the first year of this century should be made so tragic by this calamity, may we not take it to heart as a warning of the great duties that lie before all earnest Christian men and women, and the need of more education and reform, and of the wisdom of preventing great social upheavals and shocking crimes by promptly recognizing the claims of all social classes to brotherly sympathy and help. Then, perhaps, will the martyrdom of this noble man be not without some consequence of good, only a road to an end, and persistent philanthropy which will take away and destroy all reasons and pretexts for violence, and make even the presence of Jesus, that they are welcomed as brothers in our common humanity, and that they are pitied and befriended as themselves, also children of the Infinite Love.

NEW AND SECOND HAND

Rev. John M. Mulcahy addressed a large congregation at St. Agnes' church in Arlington. He said:

Nine days ago the news of the attempt to murder the president of the United States, which has cast its terrible shadow over the nation. But the angel of God, the divine presence which is guidance and protection and cheer, is still with us. The nation was perplexed by the providence which arrested their march and shut them in. But they stood still and saw the salvation of the Lord, and the impetuous enemy was checked and overthrown. Our president has fallen in death before the stroke of the dastard who, Judas-like, approached with the overtures of friendship and the purpose of the murderer. But the nation lives. The God of nations is still our leader and guardian and joy. The lessons suggested by the pure and patriotic life of the late president were emphasized. The spirit of forgiveness and resignation and heroic Christian faith displayed in the last sad days are a lesson and a legacy of inestimable worth to the people.

Loud and imperative are the admonitions which the terrible event sounds in the ears of the American nation. Are we not called to humiliation and confession and remembrance of God? The clarity of the vision is in faithful allegiance to the God of our fathers. Before the truth of God and the royal law of love to God and man, sedition and conspiracy rebel and perish. Even as Egypt's host found burial and oblivion beneath the whelming waters. The Lord of Hosts is with us. The pillar of cloud and the pillar of fire, van or the rear of the advancing army, is our glory and our guard. Let us trust and obey, pause or press forward, only and always as God commands.

At the Universalist church, the pastor,

Rev. Harry Fay Flister, again referred to the event which has cast a cloud over our country. His text was Psalms XCIII: 1. "The Lord reigneth, and he has opened his discourse by quoting the lines:

"The voice at midnight came;

He started up to hear;

A mortal arrow pierced his frame;

He fell, but felt no pain."

His spirit, with a bound,

Burst its encumbering clay;

His tent, at sunrise, on the ground,

A darkened ruin lay."

After referring to the universal sorrow caused by the death of the president, he went on to say:

In our sorrow it will be well for us to remember that "The Lord reigneth."

The president has ceased his reign, the President is dead, but we remember that God reigns, the Lord lives.

In our excitement it will be of help to us to recall the fact that God reigns. We cry out for vengeance, "Vengeance, vengeance, a tooth for a tooth." Suppress all threats, be calm, suffer, mourn, but do nothing rash. "Vengeance belongeth to me, I will repay," said the Lord. "All life, this thought of the supremacy of God should guide us. We are apt to place our trust in human agencies. In this sudden taking away of our leader it is revealed that "Man is frail."

No more of thy strength, of thy general, of thy brave defenders, of thy leaders, but he that boasteth, let him boast in the Lord."

At the Congregational church, the Rev. S. C. Bushnell said that the assassination of Pres. McKinley was an assault not merely upon the head of the government, but upon every citizen who supports the government. It was an attack upon society in the interests of those who would revolutionize society. But there was another and better way, the Christian way, which, when it has accomplished its mission, will have brought to pass all the reforms which any man could desire.

Nothing is more revolutionary than Christianity when its principles are put in force. They have already transformed the world in part, and just so far as they have, they have transformed individual lives. The two characteristics of Christianity which make it revolutionary are its teaching concerning God and its regard against. It declares God to be the Father of all men, the least of whom is, therefore, an object of His infinite love, and that all men of whatever race or nation are brethren. Salvation is not the recovery not of something which was lost, but the attainment of something too great to be more than dreamed of, viz. the likeness by each soul to God. "Be ye perfect," said Jesus, "even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect. Salvation is social, because man is social and can be realized only through service. Nothing is clearer in view of the universal grief than that all men are brethren. How are we to deal with anarchy? Nothing is more than Christianity, pure and simple. Suppress forever the selfish and foolish spirit of nationalism which separates you from the inhabitants of other countries, and think of yourselves as being one family of men of whatever race or color and learn to think kindly, pityingly, lovingly of the whole mass."

MY SPECIALTY

is correcting such Eye troubles as are caused by Defective Vision, etc.

Oculists' Prescriptions Compounded.

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THE ENTERPRISE.

Telephone, Arlington 301-2.

[Entered as Second-Class Matter.]

Saturday, September 21, 1901.

THE ENTERPRISE IS FOR SALE IN LEXINGTON BY:

H. V. Smith, Lexington.
L. A. Austin, P. O., East Lexington.
W. L. Burrill, P. O., North Lexington.

THE DANIEL WEBSTER CENTENNIAL.

The "Godlike Daniel" graduated from Dartmouth college one hundred years ago, so the centennial of his graduation is to be celebrated by his alma mater on Tuesday and Wednesday of next week, and the editor of the Enterprise is to be present to help along the celebration.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.

It is fortunate, indeed, that Theodore Roosevelt, the vice president under the late administration of President McKinley, is so well equipped for the position he is to fill, which comes to him through the tragic death of Mr. McKinley. Mr. Roosevelt, a man of extended observation, and of much learning and culture, is now in the full vigor of manhood, and with a large and successful experience in governmental affairs. With an ardent temperament he does not delay in his execution of a duty. Still, he makes no move until he has gained an intelligent idea of what is to be done. In full sympathy with the administration of President McKinley, his purpose, as he has already announced, is to pursue the policy of his predecessor, so there can be no fear or anxiety coming from any abrupt change in the policy of the government. Mr. Roosevelt assumes his executive responsibilities, having the confidence of the people. Now let the people, without reference to party lines, come to his encouragement and support. Now is the time that the new president will need the loyalty of every American citizen. With the grave responsibilities of the chief executive upon him. Mr. Roosevelt will unquestionably proceed in his official duties as president with all that thought and conservatism that will ensure the best results. President Roosevelt deserves and should receive that confidence on the part of the American people which shall be to him a strong right arm in the administration of our national affairs.

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Drugs and Medicines.

Chemicals, Sundries,
Choice Perfumes, Fine Soaps,
CIGARS AND SODAS.

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Dealer in

Fine
Groceries

IVORY Flour
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Massachusetts Avenue,
EAST LEXINGTON.

\$2.50 Radcliffe Shoe
FOR LADIES.

FOR SALE BY

FRANK O. NELSON,

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Near Town Hall, LEXINGTON.

Accident Insurance,

Also Health and Employers' Liability in
THE MARYLAND CASUALTY CO.

F. E. DOWNER,

Office at C. T. West's, Lexington.

Mrs. J. D. Tholdeen,

DINING ROOM.

Good Home Dinner, 25c

Transients Accommodated.

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Mass. Ave., Lexington.

A. S. MITCHELL,

AUCTIONEER.

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[Boston Office, 113 Devonshire Street. Telephone 1509 Main.

Residence, Hunt Block, Lexington.

You can have your Bicycle Cleaned and Repaired;

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Your Grass Shears, Household Scissors and

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Where? Why! at

FISKE BROS.,

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LUMBER....

FOR ALL PURPOSES

Lexington Lumber Co.,

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Even This Fails to Keep East Lexington Boy From Running Away—

Sent to the Reform School.

WILL O'NEIL, of East Lexington, the

eight-year-old son of John O'Neil, was

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Chelmsford, yesterday morning, by order

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DEMOCRATIC CAUCUS.

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foot passengers took a snail's pace for

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business keeps them out to a late hour.

Night Hawk.

FUNERAL OF MISS TOWER.

Miss Fannie Morey Tower, who died at

her home, on Waltham street, Friday,

Sept. 16, after a protracted illness, was

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daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Elisha H. Tower.

She was a pupil of both the grammar

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owing to sickness was obliged to leave

after two years' hard study. The funeral

services were Tuesday at the house, and were conducted

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In the Round Robin series at the Old

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There will be a repeat of the game at

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IT WAS WINTER.

It was winter, and the wood was bleak and gray; There was portent in the vastness of the night; But on the waiting earth enchantment lay. That set the trembling east afloat with light. A violet untraced, a maple stirred by wind. A dreaming river woke a drowsy bird. At dawn a robin soared aloft to sing; Lo, it was spring!

It was winter in my heart ere you were there; It was night upon my thorny, upward way; I stretched my hands out through the dark to pray. And dreamed the faltering dawn had hinted day. Then blind tears veiled mine unbelieving sight. God set thy love like stars within my night. And as thy touch my soul awoke to sing, Lo, it was spring!

—Myrtle Reed in Critic.

A Ball Match—And Others

"A crowd is always an interesting thing to watch," said Mrs. Wilmot as she sat on the box seat of a drag which commanded a view both of the field and the continually moving stream of gayly dressed people. "One sees so many sides of human nature. Look over there at that girl in blue. Her back is turned to the game, and her eyes have been wistfully watching the crowd for a long time. There is some one here today whom she expects and hopes to see."

"Colonel Elliot laughed. "She is a pretty girl too. She ought not to have to wait long."

"Ah," said Mrs. Wilmot, with a little sigh. "One gains something by growing old. One does not have that heartaching watching—watching for that which more often than not never comes or watching for what does come—seeing the man one wants to see—trying and striving to catch his eye, and all of no avail. He passes on, unconscious of our near presence. One cannot shout out to a man to come and talk to one."

He looked at her with a smile. "Are you too old for it?" he asked skeptically. "Is one ever too old for the pains and joys of expectancy? At least," gallantly, "I am sure there are many men who endure that heartaching watching for you."

She shook her head, though her still pretty face colored up like a girl's at his compliment. "I am over forty, and my hair is turning gray," she said. "I have put away all childish things long ago. Ah, my little blue girl is happy—she has found the man she wants! See the light in her eyes and the dimples in her cheeks. To think of the power that man possesses! I hope he is worthy. Ah, but I am afraid he is not! He is going, and he has stayed talking such a little time. Surely these few minutes were not worth an hour of anxious watching."

"He has gone to talk to another girl. I am afraid he does not reciprocate little Miss Blue's interest. See! He likes her rival better—they have strolled off together."

"And the radiance has gone from little Miss Blue's face, and disappointment has taken its place. My dear girl, why do you wear your heart on your sleeve? Don't you know—impatiently—a man, or woman either, never cares for a thing within reach?"

He glanced at her and wondered a little. She had always been supposed to be happily married, and though her husband had been dead ten years she had never married again. Had Wilmot been the thing within reach and had there been another beyond it?

A burst of applause broke in upon their reflections and caused them to pay a little attention to the game.

"Ah," exclaimed Colonel Elliot, "Caversham's out!"

"Caversham, Caversham!" repeated Mrs. Wilmot, referring to her card, which she had not previously taken the trouble to inspect. "Who is he? I used to know a man named Caversham long ago, and it is not a common name."

"He is the son of Stuart Caversham—a man I knew in India. He has been out there twenty years."

"That is the man I mean," she said. "And you know him?"

"Yes, and, curiously enough, I met him only yesterday. He came over about a week ago. He said he felt he must see his boy play."

"Then he is here—here today?"

"He is certain to be. He told me he would look out for me."

"He is a widower, is he not?" she said slowly.

"Yes. His wife has been dead some years."

She was silent for a moment, but her eyes were busy—scanning closely every man who passed beneath the drag.

"Is it a compliment or otherwise, do you think," she asked presently, "to the late husband or wife if a person do not marry again?"

Colonel Elliot laughed. "It depends," he said. "A man may delight in his liberty—his wife may have made him look on his marriage as a fetter—or he may have been so happy that he would not consider any other woman worthy to replace the departed one. You should know. Which feeling has prevented you from marrying again?"

"I suppose it depends on the individual," she said. "Do you think Stuart Caversham was happy?"

"I don't know. I only met him after his wife was dead."

"Is he older now? What does he look like now?"

"Oh, he is tall and broad and bronzed, with gray hair and a dark mustache—why, there he is—just passing. Don't you see?"

"Where?"

"There—opposite. Don't you see? He is looking up now."

She caught her breath as she watched the man down below. "Would he see her? Would he recognize her? She would have known him anywhere."

But no. He caught sight of Colonel Elliot and nodded to him, and then his eyes rested on her for a moment and turned away.

A keen feeling of disappointment took possession of her—disappointment such as she had not felt for years.

"Is he much changed?" Colonel Elliot was asking her.

"No, very little," she answered, but his life seemed to have gone out of her voice.

He looked away from her.

"Little Miss Blue is leaving her seat. Look! She and her friend are going for a stroll, the opposite way, too, to which the man went a little while ago. She hopes to meet him as he goes around."

"Yes," said Mrs. Wilmot indifferently. "Her interest in little Miss Blue seems to have gone. Stuart Caversham has

passed on to the right and was lost in the mass of people.

"Shall we go for a stroll, too?" asked Colonel Elliot, and he smiled as she caught at the suggestion, and he helped her down from the drag. "Which way shall we go?"

"Oh, this way," he decided, turning to the left.

They had gone half way around before they met him. Colonel Elliot went up and spoke to him, and Mrs. Wilmot followed.

"How do you do, Mr. Caversham?" she said. "It is many years since we met. I wonder if you have forgotten me?"

He turned quickly at the sound of her voice and looked down into her gray eyes with a quickening light in his own.

"Josephine!" he cried. "Forgotten you? When your voice has haunted me all these twenty years, though I have only heard it in my dreams."

His eyes were devouring her face, and a flush of youth crept into her cheeks at his words.

Colonel Elliot invented a friend in the distance and hurried after him.

"You looked at me on the drag just now," she said, a little nervously, "and you did not know me."

"I was not expecting to see you," he said. He turned to walk with her, for they were blocking the way.

"And how have you spent all these twenty years?" he asked.

"I married, became a widow and have been growing old," she answered, a little quaintly.

His face darkened. "Yes. You let me know when you married. That was the last letter I received from you—the letter which seemed to shatter my life."

"You knew it was not my fault. My father's death—my mother's poverty—the whole family would have starved if I had waited for you."

"Then you should have allowed them to starve," he said heartlessly. "Were you happy?" he asked, after a minute or two, with a tinge of jealousy in his voice.

"He was much older than I. We had no tastes in common, but he was always kind to me. You married too," she said.

"Were you happy?"

He did not answer at once, and when he did his voice was very bitter.

"She is dead," he said. "We will not talk of her."

"Have you had tea?" he said, turning to her. "Let us go and have it together."

He led her into the club tent, and they sat down side by side.

"This is like old times," he said.

"Yes," she said. Her restlessness had gone, and a great content was stealing over her soul.

He leaned a little nearer. "Is there any reason why the old times should not come back?" he whispered.

"Old times can never return," she said slowly.

"No. But we can make the new times very like them. Josephine, our lives were spoiled once because of the want of money. Don't you think we might take up the thread of our lives where we dropped it twenty years ago?"

"It is so different," she said. "Then I was young and beautiful."

"You are still more beautiful now. You seem to forget, Josephine, that I am older, too—five years older than you. I don't want a young girl for my wife. I want you."

Her gray eyes were shining as they looked into his.

"But," she said. "It is so soon. You know nothing about me. I might have changed my very nature in twenty years. How can you tell in the few minutes we have talked together today?"

"Soon!" he repeated. "Soon! When I have been waiting all these years? Josephine, your love could never have been so strong as mine."

"Could it not?" she answered, with a sigh. "Ah, if you only knew what my feelings were today when you glanced at me on the drag and looked away!"

"Then you will—will you consent?" he cried.

"Yes," she said. "I will consent." And she turned to him with a smile which sank into his heart.

Colonel Elliot met them as they walked toward the gate.

"What, Mrs. Wilmot! Are you going already?" he said.

"Yes," smiling. "I am dining early, as I am going to the play tonight."

This was a different Mrs. Wilmot from the one who had sat on the drag. Colonel Elliot looked at her admiringly.

"There are great advantages in growing old," he said gravely. "One misses all the heartachings and the weary watchings for some man who—sometimes comes. I thought it might interest you to hear, Mrs. Wilmot, knowing how you would sympathize. I saw little Miss Blue sitting on the grass alone with the man she had been watching for. He seemed quite content, while she looked radiant."

Mrs. Wilmot colored prettily, for there was a twinkle in the colonel's eye.

"I am glad," she said, a little defiantly, "very glad that little Miss Blue has spent a happy afternoon too."—Mainly About People.

The Indian and the Buffalo.

What the palm is to the Bedouin of the desert or the reindeer to the arctic Laplander, this, and more, the buffalo represented to the Sioux and Blackfeet, the Cheyennes and Arapahoes. His flesh provided food, not only for present need, but, when "jerked" and packed away in the skin of the animal, a store for winter's use. His hide was metamorphosed now into clothing to be worn by day or the warm blanket for the couch at night, and again into the horse trappings, cooking vessels and various utensils of aboriginal life. The broad, fibrous sinew of the back gave to the woman her thread and to the hunter or warrior his bowstring. The bones, horns, hoofs and tails played their part in the ornamentation of tepee and clothing, while even the dried off supplied the much needed fuel.

The village of movable tepees floated hither and thither in the wake of the drifting herds, the extinction of which revolutionized the conditions of the plains Indian's life. His chief occupation, the chase, was gone. The warpath was of necessity discontinued, because with the passing of the buffalo his commissariat was destroyed. Thus, his activities gone, averse to agriculture, untrained in any useful art, he was left, stranded on the different reservations, a pensioner on governmental bounty and a prey to indolence, disease and vice.—Outlook.

The American Idea.

"I always supposed Boudier wasn't afraid of anybody, yet he flatly refused to fight that little French count who picked a quarrel with him."

"Yes, but it was only business prudence, not cowardice. Boudier said he wouldn't let a stranger draw on him for \$1,000."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

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AUTUMN FASHIONS.

COATS AND TAILOR GOWNS FOR TRAVELING AND COUNTRY VISITS.

Turndown Collars and Flat Capes to the Fore—Backs in the New Jackets—Browns, Greens, Fawns and Grays Are Coming Colors.

Not a storm or model collar will be left in the land by the time autumn modes are well established, if present indications hold good. Deep, flat shaped capes falling straight from the neck rank well to the front and, it is rumored, are likely to be doubled and trebled.

Then another effective finish to tailor made coats will be flat, stolidlike pieces



SMART TRAVELING COAT.

of velvet stitched at either edge with a narrow fancy galloon or embroidery. These, following the outline of the neck, terminate midway down the front, or, again, long, natural lapels formed by the throwing back of the front of a coat or corsage—narrow, unassuming affairs, but distinctly stylish—are surmounted by a narrow stitched strapping in lieu of a collar.

People who are rushing from one pleasure resort to another will still find opportunity for displaying smart toilets, long, sweeping skirts and airy bodices. But travelers and those about to visit rural districts will turn to other modes. Contrary to what is much to be desired—viz, short skirts—some of the smartest gown builders are making up their new autumn gowns of serge, homespuns and kindred stuffs to touch the ground, and the accompanying short bolero jackets, over blouses, have generally wide turndown collars.

The flannel dresses are quite pretty. Those with blue, pink or black stripes have accompanying jackets of the Chesterfield or bolero shape, and alpaca is again being pushed.

Traveling coats are the smart thing either in three-quarters length or longer. One style, entirely covering the gown, has ample pockets at the side and a turned down collar and is made of rainproof fabric in fawns, grays, black, navy or blue and white.

The accompanying sketch shows a practical and stylish coat suitable for traveling, country wear in general or yachting. It is made with the sleeves put in the ordinary way, not running up into the shoulder and collar band. It is not a sack, but is full in the skirt, with comfortable, useful pockets, including one for tickets and suited alike to grown up people and younger ones. By means of a slit in the seam at the side the skirt can be held up without interfering with its appearance. It is made in various materials, some with herringbone weaving Scotch tweeds and checks, as well as serge.

Very pretty dresses, just what people want for traveling, are made up in

Extra Supervision.

How much irritation and discomfort would be avoided if the lady of the house could make a rule, especially during the times of domestic disturbance, of overlooking the appointments of the dining table before the family assemblies for a meal, or if she would but go quickly through the bedrooms once a day to see that all untidiness is removed, and that water jugs and bottles are properly cleaned and replenished and that soap and towels are where they should be. These things need only a few moments during the day and just a very little thought, and they save so much trouble in the end.

May Come to This in Time.

She had promenade the beach in her dainty bathing suit without going into the water every day, and the exertion had become wearisome.

"What absurd slaves to custom we are," she commented at last.

"Truly we are," he admitted.

"Now, why should I have to take the trouble to go to the beach in order to wear my bathing suit?" she asked.

Really, the question was unanswerable. So far as she was concerned the suit would be quite as effective and useful on the veranda or the tennis court as on the beach.—Chicago Post.

Virtues of Buttermilk.

The virtues of that old fashioned and easily procured drink, buttermilk, have not been half sung these days. Physicians say that its lactic acid is even more healthful than the citric acid of oranges and lemons. It is credited, too, by those who should know as being of value to a rheumatic patient. It has been found to be both nourishing and fattening as well as remarkably easy of assimilation. If liked at all, it is undoubtedly a better drink in summer than many of the carbonated, artificially flavored drinks that are copiously in almost unlimited quantities.

Two examples are shown for sporty and country wear, one gray and green mixed tweed, piped with gray and trimmed with tarran; the other, dull red striped flannel cloth with white cloth trimming. Toques in soft materials and ornamented with quills are stylishly worn with these.

The three banded skirt is making headway with the tailors, and tuckings are being introduced on many cloth dresses.

STAIR CLIMBING.

The Harm That Comes From Doing It the Wrong Way.

The doctor listened patiently to the woman's description of her fluttering heart and difficult breathing.

"I don't feel like myself anyway," she said in conclusion. "I'm not even the same shape that I used to be. My shoulders are stooped, my back is crooked and my chest sunken."

The doctor smiled. "You climb stairs a great deal, don't you?" he asked. "Oh, yes," said the woman. "We live on the fifth floor and no elevator."

Then the doctor laid down the box of powders, pushed back his hair and said a few things about landlords and tenants and houses.

"Either the people who build four and five story flat houses must put in elevators or the people who climb stairs must learn to walk properly," he said. "If one or the other of these reforms is not instituted soon there is going to be a mighty big crop of bent, misshapen people in this town. Already I can stand on the corner and pick out the professional stair climbers as they pass. The occupation of mounting heavenward by means of stairs leaves distinct and indisputable earmarks, and while I do not wish to say anything uncomplimentary to you, madam, I must admit that the physical infirmities you have just described are already becoming apparent to the casual observer."

The woman flushed half angrily. "Oh, dear," she said. "I didn't know the defects were noticeable. I thought, perhaps I just felt flattened and bent."

"No," said the doctor mercilessly, "you are beginning to look that way. And no wonder. Did you ever stop to think how many miles the average flat dweller or top floor boarding house dweller travels vertically each year?"

"No," said the woman weakly. "I didn't. I never was much of a hand for figures."

"Well," said he, "you don't have to be an expert mathematician to figure that out. Counting in the stairs you climb in your own home and the homes of others, you won't get off with an inch less than a quarter of a mile a day. If you keep on going right straight along with no descents to terra firma, you can see for yourself where you'd get to after awhile."

"But climbing stairs is not a harmful exercise; it's the way you climb that hurts you. You've been told often enough, of course—everybody has been told—how to carry yourself when going up stairs. Walk straight, hold your head up, keep your shoulders thrown back, and plant your feet firmly on each step, then you will not experience this flattening out, doubling up process you have just complained of. This is a town of stair climbers, and if they don't observe the rules for the protection of health and a graceful figure and a sprightly walk we will soon be able to spot at eight every man, woman and child that lives above the second floor."

More Real Women Are Needed.

It is as necessary for women to regulate their lives as men. No single rule of life is more far-reaching than that of old King Alfred. "Eight hours for work, eight hours for sleep and eight hours for recreation." But six hours of real work will accomplish more than eight hours of dillydalling; six hours of genuine sleep are better than eight hours of restless dreaming, and six hours of active, whole souled play will do more good than eight hours of trivial "pottering around."

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON XII, THIRD QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, SEPT. 22.

Text of the Lesson, Prov. xlii, 20-25.
Memory Verses, 26-31—Golden Text,
Prov. xx, 1—Commentary Prepared
by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

[Copyright, 1901, by American Press Association.]
29. "Who hath we? Who hath sorrow?
Who hath contentions? Who hath babbling?
Who hath wounds without cause? Who hath redness of eyes?"

The committee have again asked us to meditate upon this familiar portion as a temperance lesson, which is certainly a better selection for such a lesson than the story of the new earth which they suggested as a temperance topic last quarter. The only cure for intemperance, which is self indulgence, is to be found in self control which can be accomplished in us only by the Lord Jesus Christ, who is able to subdue all things unto Himself (Phil. iii, 21). In this lesson, as in all lessons on sin, we may see not only the sinner, but the sinner's substitute, Him who, though He knew no sin, yet was made sin for us (II Cor. v, 21). We know that the drunkards and also some other sinners are apt to have quite a full share of the six forms of suffering here enumerated, and no one can deliver but He who was a man of sorrow and acquainted with grief, who so patiently endured the contentions and babbings of His enemies, who was wounded for our transgressions and who after His weeping in Gethsemane must also have had redness of eyes. See Him, O sinner, as the one who loves you as you were never loved by even father or mother or dearest on earth, great as their love may have been, for He suffered before God for your sins and offers you full salvation from the consequences of your sins and deliverance from the power of them if you will only receive Him (Isa. liii, 5, 6; Heb. v, 7; I Thess. i, 10; Math. i, 21; I John i, 9; Jude 24).

30. "They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine." These are the people who experience the sorrows of verse 29, but let wine suggest all the pleasures this world can offer, and they are very many of their kind. A great king tried them all and found them all vain and vexation of spirit (Eccl. ii, 1-11), and what can the man do that cometh after the king? But see what the same king learned to say: "Thy love is better than wine. We will be glad and rejoice in Thee. We will remember Thy love more than wine" (Song i, 2, 4).

31. "Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright." Commands to an unsevered person to do right are only provoking, for all his nature is against the right; the carnal mind is in enmity against God, is not subject to His law and cannot be (Rom. viii, 7). God gave no law to Israel till He had redeemed them from Egypt. The one only thing He asks the sinner to do is to accept His salvation, receive His Son. Then, and only then, does He give commands to be obeyed. Notice in verses 15 and 26 and so often in this book the command is to "My Son," and we are not sons of God till we receive His Son as our Saviour (John i, 12; I John v, 12). Having become children of God and partakers of the divine nature (II Pet. i, 4), we are to let Him possess our whole being, look through our eyes, hear with our ears, work with our hands, walk with our feet, speak by our mouths. In this way He will not look where He should not, and when tempted we must, like sinking Simon, cry, "Lord, save me!"

32. "At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." There is a last of all things sinful; they come to an end, and then there is the eternal reaping. Those who sow to the flesh reap corruption, and those who sow the seed of the whirlwind (Gal. vi, 8; Hos. viii, 7). There may come a time when Prov. i, 24-31, shall be the experience of many, when because they would not listen to God they shall call, but He will not answer, and finally they shall have to hear Him say, "Depart from Me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels" (Math. xxv, 41). In the case of those who are redeemed by His precious blood, in whom He has come to live, the last on earth is only a step to greater glory, to die is gain, to depart and be with Christ is very far better (Phil. i, 21, 23).

33. "Thine eyes shall behold strange women, and thine heart shall utter perverse things." Woman represents the worst as well as the best in Scripture. The true church is the bride of Christ and is espoused as a chaste virgin to Christ, while the false church is compared to a harlot (Rev. xix and xvi and I Cor. xi, 2). If drunken with wine, we behold the evil, but if filled with the Spirit we shall see Jesus only (Eph. v, 15). The heart is the great center from which evil or good proceeds. See in this chapter verses 15, 17, 19, and then verse 26 as the only way to be right.

34. "Yea, thou shalt be as he that lieth down in the midst of the sea or as he that lieth upon the top of a mast." This certainly suggests the saying of David, "Truly as the Lord liveth and as thy soul liveth there is not a step between me and death" (I Sam. xx, 3). Inasmuch as life in this mortal body is so uncertain how foolish it is to continue a moment longer in sin when God is beseeching us to be reconciled to Him and to accept the redemption which He has so fully provided and which He bestows so freely! (Rom. iii, 18; Math. xi, 28; II Cor. v, 20; I Cor. i, 24). The God in whose hand our breath is and whose are all our ways (Dan. v, 23) is very gracious. He is slow to anger and not willing that any should perish (II Pet. iii, 9), but He will by no means clear the guilty unless they accept Him.

35. "They have stricken me, I was not sick; they have beaten me, I felt it not. When shall I awake? I will seek it yet again." Just as before the deluge, so now. The imagination of the thoughts of the heart of man is only evil continually (Gen. vi, 5). They regard not the work of the Lord, neither consider the operation of His hands (Isa. v, 12). They become dead or indifferent to all the Lord's pleadings, and their one thought is how to gratify their desires. A father has been known to become so inhuman as to take his children's clothing with which to obtain that which his cravings desired. A mother may forget, nature may fail. Man left to himself is only a beast (Ps. xlii, 12), and often worse than many; his great thought is himself and how to gratify himself. When Christ takes possession of a heart, He who when on earth pleased not Himself (Rom. xv, 3) will live again in that soul His own life, making the person more and more like Himself until they awake in His likeness (II Cor. iii, 18; Ps. xvii, 15).

LEXINGTON CHURCHES, SOCIETIES, ETC.

CHURCH OF OUR REDEEMER.

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Services—Sunday, preaching 11 a.m.; Sunday school, 9:45 a.m.; holy communion first and third Sundays of each month.
FIRST PARISH UNITARIAN CHURCH.
Rev. Carleton A. Staples, pastor, residence, 1200 Massachusetts Avenue, near Elm Avenue. Services—Sunday, preaching 10:30 a.m.; Sunday school 12 m. Sewing circle every other Thursday. Young People's guild every Sunday evening in the vestry at 7 p.m.

FOLLEN UNITARIAN CHURCH.
Massachusetts Avenue, near Pleasant Street, E. L.

Rev. Lorenzo D. Cochran, residence, 1000 Massachusetts Avenue, East Lexington. Services—Sunday, 10:45 a.m.; 7 p.m.; Sunday school, 12:00 m. Follen Alliance, fortnightly, Thursdays, at 2 p.m. Follen guild meets 6:30 p.m., Sunday. Lend-a-Hand club and Little Helpers.

HANCOCK CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.
Massachusetts Avenue, opposite the Common.

Rev. Charles F. Carter, pastor, residence, Hancock street. Services—Sunday, 10:30 a.m., 7 p.m.; Sunday school, 12 m.; Tuesday, 7:45 p.m.; Wednesday, 7:45 p.m.; prayer meeting, Thursday, 7:45 p.m.

LEXINGTON BAPTIST CHURCH.
Massachusetts Ave., near Wallis Place.

Rev. J. H. Cox, pastor, residence, Waltham. Services—Sunday, preaching 10:30 a.m., 7 p.m.; Sunday school, 12 m.; Tuesday, 7:45 p.m.; Wednesday, 7:45 p.m.; prayer meeting, Thursday, 7:45 p.m.

BRANCH, Emerson Hall, East Lexington. Services—Sunday, 3 p.m.; Sunday school, 4 p.m.; Thursday evening, 7:45 p.m., prayer meeting.

ST. BRIDGET'S ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.
Massachusetts Ave., near Elm Ave.

Rev. P. J. Kavanagh, pastor, residence, next to the church. Services—Alternate Sundays at 9 and 10:30 a.m.; vespers 4 p.m., every Sunday; Weekdays, mass at 8 a.m.

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Simon Robinson Lodge.

Meets at Masonic hall, Town Hall building, second Monday of each month at 7:30 p.m.

ANCIENT ORDER OF UNITED WORKMEN.
Meets in A. O. U. W. hall, Hancock street, corner Bedford street, second and fourth Tuesday evenings in each month.

IMPROVED ORDER OF HEPTASOPHS.
Lexington Conclave.

Meets at A. O. U. W. hall, second and fourth Wednesday evenings.

GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.
George G. Meade post 119.

Meets in Grand Army hall third Thursday of each month.

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS.
Council No. 94.

Meets in Lexington hall, Hunt block, Massachusetts Avenue, first and third Tuesday evenings of each month.

LEXINGTON HISTORICAL SOCIETY.
Meets in Corey hall second Tuesday evenings of winter months.

THE LEND-A-HAND OF THE UNITARIAN CHURCH.
Meetings second Tuesday in each month at 3 p.m., in the church vestry.

ART CLUB.
Meetings held Monday afternoons at members' residences, from November 1st to May 1st.

EAST LEXINGTON FINANCE CLUB.
Meets first Monday each month at Stone building, East Lexington.

LEXINGTON MONDAY CLUB.
Meets in winter every week at homes of members. Membership limited to 16.

SHAKESPEARE CLUB.
Meetings held Monday evenings, at members' residences, from October 15 to May 15.

THE TOURIST CLUB.
Meetings held at members' houses, Monday, 2:30 p.m.

LEXINGTON FIRE ALARM.

LOCATION OF BOXES.

45 cor. Pleasant and Watertown streets.
46 cor. Waltham and Middle streets.
47 cor. Lincoln and School streets.
48 cor. Clark and Forest streets.
49 cor. Mass. Avenue and Cedar street.
50 Bedford street—No. Lexington depot.
51 Bedford street—Opp. J. M. Reed's.
52 cor. Hancock and Adams streets.
53 cor. Ash and Reed streets.
54 cor. Woburn and Vine streets.
55 cor. Woburn and Lowell streets.
56 Lowell street near Arlington line.
57 Warren st. opp. Mrs. W. R. Monroe's.
58 cor. Mass. Avenue and Woburn street.
59 cor. Bloomfield and Euclid streets.
60 Mass. Avenue and Percy road.
61 Mass. Avenue opp. Village hall.
62 Mass. Avenue and Pleasant street.
63 Mass. Avenue opp. E. Lexington depot.
64 Mass. Avenue and Sylvia streets.
65 Bedford street near Elm street.
66 Centre Engine House.
67 cor. Grant and Sherman streets.
68 cor. Merriam and Oakland streets.
69 Hancock street near Hancock Avenue.
70 cor. Mass. and Elm avenues.
71 Chandler street opp. J. P. Prince's.
72 Mass. Avenue near town hall.

PRIVATE BOXES.

231 Morrill estate, Lowell street.
61 Carhouse, Bedford st., No. Lexington.

DEPARTMENT SIGNALS.

Second alarm, repetition of first; general alarm, eleven blows; all out, two blows; brush fire, three blows followed by box number.

SPECIAL SIGNALS.

Test signal, one blow at 12 m.; no school signal, three blows repeated three times; police call, five blows three times; special signal, 22 five times from electric light station.

LOCATION OF WHISTLES, ETC.

Whistle at electric light station, bell on Follen church, East Lexington, taper at residence of chief engineer, taper at residence of first assistant engineer, taper at residence of second assistant engineer, taper at pumping station, taper at residence of Wm. B. Foster, police, taper at residence of C. H. Franks, police, taper at centre engine house, taper at East Lexington engine house, taper at residence of James E. Shelvey.

INSTRUCTIONS.

Before giving an alarm be sure a fire exists.

Give the alarm at the nearest box.

Pull the hook way down, only once, and let go.

Never give an alarm for a fire seen at a distance.

Wait at the box, if possible, and direct the firemen to the fire.

Never give a second alarm for the same fire; all second alarms are given by the engineers or other persons in authority.

Never give an alarm for a brush fire unless buildings are in danger; but inform the engineers and they will take action to extinguish it.

Citizens are requested to inform themselves as to the location of keys. Signs over the boxes will give the necessary information.

CAUTION TO PERSONS HAVING KEYS.

Never open boxes except to give an alarm.

You cannot remove your key until an engineer releases it, and it will then be returned to you.

Never allow the key out of your possession except to some responsible party, for the purpose of giving an alarm, and then see that it is returned.

If you remove from your place of residence or business, return the key to the chief engineer.

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Jeweler,
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Flowers.

We have a large variety.

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Flowers for Funerals, Receptions,
and other occasions furnished and
arranged very promptly. Orders
solicited.

JAMES COMLEY.

FACTS

ABOUT CIGARS.

A 10c. cigar cannot be sold for 5c. because men are not in business for their health.

A good 5c. cigar can be and is often sold for 10c., because large sums are expended in advertising it which the smoker must pay for.

The "Blue Bird"

is such a 5c. cigar. It is worth 5c.

No manufacturer can give you better. Try one and be convinced.

Manufactured by

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East Lexington.

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ICE CO.

GEO. M. WILSON, Prop.

PURE RESERVOIR ICE.

Families Supplied all Seasons
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Parker Street, Lexington.

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General Fire Insurance,

Opp. P. O., Lexington.

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PARTICULAR ATTENTION PAID TO
CHILDREN'S HAIR CUTTING. : : :
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PERFECT EQUIPMENT.

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Repairing in all its branches.

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Specialty.

Sherburne Row, Mass. Ave., Lexington.

THE SONG OF LIFE.

One must sing of the sunshine,
One must sing of the rain,
One must sing of the song of joy,
And one sing of the refrain,
Yet in the end all the songs will blend
In one harmonious strain.

One must sing of the future,
With hopes and fears and life;
One must sing of the misty past,
Its dreaming and its strife,
Yet they will meet in a chord full sweet,
The marvelous song of life.

One must sing of the mountains,
One must sing of the sea,
One must sing of the song of love
And one in his skill key,
Yet all will rise to the blending skies
In one grand harmony.

Love and hate and compassion,
Sorrow and right and wrong,
Past and future and war and peace,
Rise in an anthem strong,
And all will grow as they ebb and flow
To life's unending song.

—Josh Wink in Baltimore American.

THE FAMILY
HONOR...

By J. M. Barrie.

Much of the story of the Glendowie monster, now on the tongues of all in the north who are not afraid to speak, has been born of ugly fancies since the night of Sept. 4, 1890, when that happened which sent the country to bed with long candles for the rest of the month. I was at Glendowie castle that night, and I heard the scream that made nigh 200 people suddenly stand still in the dance, but of what is now being said I take no stock, thinking it damning to a noble house, and of what was said before that night I will repeat only the native gossip and the story of the children, which I take to be human, rather than the worst horror of all, as some would have it.

There are those in Glendowie who hold that this Thing has been in the castle and there held down by chains since the year 1200, when the wild Lady Mildred gave it birth and died at the sight of it, and in the daylight (but never before wine) they will speak the name of her lover and so account for 1200 A. D. being known in the annals of that house not as a year of our Lord, but as the year of the Devil. I am not sufficiently old fashioned for such a story and rather believe that the Thing was never in the castle until the coming home from Africa of him who was known as the Left Handed Earl, which happened a matter of seventy years ago.

The secret manner of his coming and the oddness of his attendants, with a wild story of his clearing the house of all other servants for fifteen days, during which he was not idle, raised a crop of scandal that has not yet been cut level with the earth. To be plain, it is said by those who believe witchcraft to be done with, that the Left Handed Earl brought the Thing from Africa and in fifteen days had a home made for it in the castle—a home that none could find the way to save himself and a black servant, who frequently disappeared for many days at a time, yet was known always to be within whistle of his master. Men said furiously that this Thing was the heir, and again there was the devil's shadow in the story, as if the devil could be a woman.

Half a century ago the Left Handed Earl died, and they will tell you of a three days' search for a minister brave enough to pray by the open coffin and that in the middle of the prayer the mourners rose to their feet and ran out of the room because of something squatting on the corpse's chest. There are many such stories of the Thing, against which all who might have seen shut their eyes so quickly that no two drew the same likeness. But this is no great matter, for what they say they saw I will not tell, and I would that none had ever told me.

There have been four earls since then, but if the tale of the Thing be true, not one of them lawful earls. Yet until the 4th of September, 1890, since the time of the Left Handed Earl, it has always been the same black servant who waited on the Thing, so that many marveled and called these two one, as they were not. Of the earls I have nothing to tell that could not be told by others, save this, that they paced their halls by night and have ever had an air of listening, not to what was being said to them, but as if for some sudden cry from beyond.

It is not a pretty story, except what is told of the monster's love of children, and though, until the 4th of September, 1890, I never believed what was told of the Thing and these children, I believe it now. What they say is that it was so savage that not even the black servant could have gone within reach of it and lived; yet with children scarce strong enough to walk, save on all fours, it would play for hours even as they played, but with a mother's care for them. There are men of all ages in these parts who hold that they were with it in their childhood and loved it, though now they shudder at a picture they recall, I think, but vaguely, and some of them doubtless are liars.

It may be wondered why the lords of Glendowie dared let a child into the power of one that would have broken themselves across its knee, and two reasons are given—the first, that it knew when there were children in the castle and would have broken down walls to reach them had they not been brought to it; the other, that compassion induced the earls to give it the only pleasure it knew. Of these children some were of the tenantry and others of guests in the castle, and I have not heard of one who dreaded the monster. If half of the stories be true, they would let it toss them sportively in the air, and they would sit with their arms around its neck while it made toys for them of splinters of wood or music by rattling its chains.

I need not say that care was taken to keep these meetings from the parents of the children, in which conspiracy the children unconsciously joined, for the pleasant prattle of their new friends allayed suspicion rather than roused it. Nevertheless queer rumors arose in recent times which, I dare say, few believed who came from a distance, yet were they sufficiently disquieting to make guests leave their children at home, and, as I understand, on the 4th of September, 1890, several years had passed since a child had slept in the castle. On that night there were many guests and one child, who had been in bed for some hours when the Thing broke loose.

The occasion was the coming of age of the heir, and seldom, I suppose, has there been such a company in a house renowned for hospitality. There were many persons from distant parts, which means London, and all the great folk of our country, with others not so great, in that gathering, though capable of making a show at most. After the dancing begins no man is ever a prominent figure in a room to those who are there merely to look on, as I was, and I now remember as the two which my eyes followed with greatest pleasure our hostess, a woman of winning manners, yet cold when need be, and the lady who was shortly to become her daughter, a languid girl, pretty to look at when her lover, the heir, was by her side.

I know that nearly all present that night speak now of a haggard look on the earl's face and of quick glances between him and his wife. I know that they say that the heir danced much to keep himself from thinking, and that his arm chattered on the waists of his partners; I know the story that he had learned of the existence of the Thing that night. But I was present, and I am persuaded that at the time all thought as I did, that never was a gayer scene even at Glendowie, never a host and hostess more cordial, never a merry eyed heir more anxious to be courteous to all and more than courteous to one. Dance succeeded dance. The hour was late, but another waits was begun. Then suddenly—

And at once the music stopped and the dancers were as still as stone figures. It had been a horrible, inhuman scream, so loud and shrill as to tear a way through all the walls of the castle; a scream not of pain, but of triumph. I think it must have lasted half a minute, and then came silence, but still no one moved; we waited as if after lightning for the thunder.

The first person I saw was the earl. His face was not white, but gray. His teeth were fixed and he was staring at the door, waiting for it to open. Some men hastened to the door and he cast out his arms and drove them back. But he never looked at them. The heir I saw with, his hands over his face. Many of the men stepped in front of the women. There was no whispering, I think. We all turned our eyes to the door.

Some ladies screamed (one, I have heard, swooned, but we gave her not a glance) when the door opened. It was only the African servant who entered, a man most of us had heard of, but few had seen. He made a sign to the earl, who drew back from him and then stepped forward. The heir hurried to the door and some of us heard this conversation:

"Not you, father—me."

"Stay here, my son; I entreat, I command."

"Both," said the servant authoritatively, and then they went out with him and the

Ladies and Gentlemen.

A question of great importance (that has agitated the public mind) has been decided intelligently and consequently satisfactorily. SCIENCE, as an investigator, proves that much of crime and its train of evils is due to a derangement of the human mind, the result generally is a sick body. Now, if this so, we are all liable to become criminal in our actions unless we keep ourselves WELL in body and mind. Intelligent decision is—that we stick to nature and natural ways (whenever it is possible) for the relief and cure of our ailments. Your physician's advice will be in harmony with this idea always. NEBEDEGA is in sympathy with man, because IT IS NATURAL, and will relieve and cure—BECAUSE of its great medicinal properties. NO OTHER KNOWN WATER equals the analysis of Nebedega. We all have drugs and waste matter in the system. Those of us who throw off these poisons, are known as well people—while those who cannot rid the system of like poisons, are sick and miserable.

NEBEDEGA will keep you well—and cure you, if you are sick. It will dissolve and rid the system of poisons and mucus collections. It is one of nature's cures, and can be relied on. It is not a new discovery. The wild animals discovered it just through instinct. The Indians saw the animals drinking it, and they followed them to reach this spring. The Indians drew common sense conclusions from this fact, and in their turn, drank the waters and found relief from sickness in so doing, and to this day, they come to beg the healing waters from the white man, who in his turn has learned its value as a medicine. So the Nebedega is brought to you with unnumbered years of cures to its credit. For over acidity of the system, Diabetes, Gout, Rheumatism, Obesity and in fact almost all the ills that flesh is heir to. You know good digestion will accomplish wonders, and if, in connection, we can rid the body of dead waste matter, health and strength will follow.

Price 50c. Per Bottle. \$5.00 Per Dozen (Delivered).

NEBEDEGA EMULSIONS, the Only Emulsions That Are Fresh.

NEBEDEGA EMULSION COD LIVER OIL, \$1.00
NEBEDEGA EMULSION OLIVE OIL, \$1.10
NEBEDEGA EMULSION SWEET ALMOND OIL, \$1.25
NEBEDEGA EMULSION CREAM (Special).

For consumption and all wasting diseases, nothing can surpass an emulsion (if fresh) of pure good oils.
All mail orders promptly filled.

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Lights, Bells, Gas Lighting, Burglar Alarms,
etc. Repairing Promptly Attended To.

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Geo. Adams Woods,

Winchester Office, Blainline Bldg. 50 State St., Boston.
Over P. O. Tel. 123-7 Winchester. Tel. 1532 Main.

ARLINGTON LOCALS. Arlington Heights.

Walter I. Fuller, who has been connected with R. W. LeBaron for seven years, has gone into business for himself as an electrician, and has an office at Wetherbee Bros.' store.

Mr. and Mrs. James F. LeMar, of Bacon street, have gone to Dresden, Minn., on a short visit with Mr. LeMar's parents. Mr. LeMar is clerk at Yerxa & Yerxa's grocery.

Postmaster Tappen and his wife, of Whiteface, N. H., are visiting Daniel Tappen and family at their home on Massachusetts avenue. The postmaster is a brother of Daniel Tappen.

There will be a practice play with "Eureka" on Franklin street, Tuesday evening, at 7.45, after which there will be a collation and a meeting of the association in the engine quarters, to finish arrangements for the Weymouth muster on the 28th.

Mrs. J. Q. A. Brackett and son are expected home from Bradford, N. H., about the 26th.

The Arlington Historical society will meet in Pleasant hall, Maple street, Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock. The speaker will be Geo. T. Wellington, president of the society. His subject is to be, "A Review of the Work of the Arlington Historical Society and other Papers."

Mr. Torrey moves into Mr. Bridgman's new house on Appleton street, this week.

The public pay station of the telephone company which has been located at Tilden's drug store has been removed to Underwood's bicycle store.

The Lowell police baseball nine defeated the Cambridge cops on Lawrence field in a six-inning game Tuesday afternoon. The score was 8 to 5. The team brought with them a large crowd who enjoyed the game, after which the forces repaired to Menotomy hall, where Caterer Hardy served dinner. There was speaking and a general good time for all.

Mrs. J. Henderson, of Sawin street, is visiting at New Bedford.

Letter Carrier Henry Halloran's speedy horse took fright yesterday afternoon near the passenger station, and ran, tipping over the carriage, demolishing the top and delaying the mail. Matters were straightened out after a time, however, and the carrier continued to distribute his postal cards.

Circle lodge, A. O. U. W., at its meeting last evening, received an invitation from Independence lodge of Lexington to make it a fraternal visitation Tuesday evening, which was accepted. The issues to be acted upon at the special session of the grand lodge in Boston, Oct. 2, were discussed. W. D. Rockwood is the delegate.

The proposed trolley ride of the Odd Fellows and the Rebekah lodge has been indefinitely postponed as all attempts have been frustrated by the weather.

J. Rogco has painted a barber's sign for his own use which is unique. It is a tall, square barber's pole, resembling a monument, with barber's designs around the base of it.

Curtin's express is now located at the corner of Massachusetts avenue and Brattle street.

When the family of William A. James, of 12 Palmer street, returned home Tuesday after vacation of several weeks, they found their house had been entered during their absence and a quantity of jewelry and clothing had been stolen. The value of the missing goods will exceed \$100. There is no clue to the thieves.

Mrs. Katherine Clark, of Southbridge, is the guest of her mother, Mrs. C. Brockway, of Ashland street.

The Arlington Veteran Firemen will go to Weymouth next Saturday, to attend the muster.

Miss Dora Blitzer is spending her vacation at Shelburne Falls.

Rev. William H. Rider, D. D., of Gloucester, delivered an address at Masonic hall, Arlington, Thursday evening, before a large number of Masons and their families. There were highly complimentary remarks by Worshipful Master R. Walter Hilliard, Rev. C. A. Skinner, of Cambridge, closed with the benediction.

Memorial services were held at St. John's Episcopal church Thursday evening.

UNIVERSALIST CHURCH.

The Altar society connected with this church will hold a vestry warming for the members of the parish and their friends in the vestry of the church Monday evening.

An alarm from box 54, Sunday afternoon, gave evidence of a fire at the passenger station and the department was quick to respond by good effect. The fire was in the rear end of the station and the origin is unknown. The damage will not exceed \$100.

Last week Thursday, Harry Vogel, an employee of the Severy Process company, being two fingers by getting them in too close proximity to a rip or split saw. He unconsciously attempted to brush away a bit of sawdust, and the teeth of the saw ripped his hand. He was taken to the Massachusetts General hospital for treatment.

William Smith, of Wollaston avenue, who will be 93 years old in December, goes next week to the Pan-American exposition. Mr. Smith, so nearly the century mark, is still to be classed with those many years his junior. He was born in Norway, N. Y., and early in life went to Buffalo, where he resided for several years. At that time Buffalo was an Indian settlement. In 1824 Mr. Smith then a lad of 16 years of age, rode 24 miles to Utica to see Lafayette. Mr. Smith has had an extended acquaintance with many of the leading men of the country. Himself one of the most genial of men, and of rare intelligence, has made friends wherever he has made his home.

The house of Melvin W. Sever, near the sanitarium, is being thoroughly renovated throughout.

The old schoolhouse on Robbins road is being moved to the corner of Massachusetts avenue, where it will be used as a dwelling.

Thomas Butler, of Wollaston street, has been on the sick list.

Malaria has been troubling E. A. Snow, of Tanager street, for several days.

J. F. Tilden, of Tanager street, has been advised by his doctor to go to Nova Scotia to try to rid himself of malaria.

B. G. Jones, of Lowell street, has returned from a trip to New York and Washington.

PARK AVENUE CHURCH.

Last Sunday morning Rev. J. G. Taylor, at the church, preached on the "Great Manhood of the Late President." Four persons were received into the church in connection with the communion service.

The church has selected Sept. 29 as rally Sunday. It will be observed by special services in the morning, at noon by the Sunday school, and by the Christian Endeavor in the evening. Also the Friday evening previous will be a home day.

It is arranged for a home coming reception by the officers of the church Tuesday evening, Oct. 1.

BAPTIST CHURCH.

The Young Men's league met Tuesday evening with Rev. A. W. Lorimer, of Forest street.

The Shining Lights met Tuesday evening with Miss Grace Baxter, of Lowell street.

The Farther Lights held a business meeting in the chapel, Tuesday evening.

The Ladies Sewing circle held a business meeting in the chapel, Wednesday afternoon.

Last Sunday morning Rev. A. W. Lorimer's subject was "Christians, God's Workmen." After the service, the pastor gave a sermon on the image of God in man.

At 4 o'clock a Junior Christian Endeavor society was organized with 25 members.

At 6 o'clock Miss Viola Lannen led the Christian Endeavor. Her subject was "True Honor." E. Nelson Blake gave an interesting and helpful talk on "Loyalty."

Hereafter, the national encampment of the Grand Army and that of the Sons of Veterans will be held at the same time and place, and the two organizations will be interested in both meetings. Ere long, the Sons will be the escort of their fathers, whose numbers are rapidly decreasing.

Mr. McKinley's gifts in the use of language were developed years ago. His unadorned brief address refusing to be considered as a candidate for the presidency against John Sherman was a gem of English as well as an illustration of his high sense of personal honor.

Will the time ever come when Christian people will break from the beaten path and follow the lead of themselves and their buildings in black as a symbol of mourning? A few have had the good sense, this week, to make red, white and blue the dominant colors.

UNIVERSAL SORROW.

(Continued from Page Four.)

broader and, I believe, more satisfactory and stable considerations. Gentlemen, the men who founded this nation were men of high character, great republic, whether the churches who, landing in Chesapeake bay, reared the first altar at Jamestown in 1607, or the religious and brave, heroic in endurance, courageous in conflict.

Their very faults were often virtues warped or carried to excess; their narrowness was often a great strength; their conceited to be right; their iron discipline was for themselves as much as for others. In spite of all their limitations, they gave to this nation a government of a free nation—a government of the people and for the people and by the people. To them, under God, we owe all that is good and beautiful, sacred and states, in our national life. I do not know that today we can charge upon them any of the evils which distress or threaten us.

Is there among the sons of the fathers? Is there as much grit and godliness in us as in them? In the complacency of our superior wisdom do we esteem lightly things that thought worth a man's while to die for?

Is there among us today a spirit of headless independence, an impatience of all restraint, an interference with the individual ease or pleasure, a disdainful disregard of all sanctities and authorities, a contempt of law and authority, an absence of duty regard for parents, beginning with and attended by a lack of reverence for God—the Father of us all?

Is there one who questioned him as to the whole duty of man, the Divine Master said, What is written in the law, how readest thou? Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. Thou shalt love the Fatherhood of God—sovereign claim for the love and trust and devotion of all His children; basis of that brotherhood of man which demands and requires that we regard and communicate of service and fraternity of confidence which leave no place for strife and sin, for fraud and wrong.

Let this law, which permeates the lives of men and wars shall cease and ancient wrongs be righted. When each man loves God and loves his brother-man, no man will harm or defraud his fellow. Let but this living law of love prevail, and our twentieth century problems find speedy and certain solution. The conflicts between capital and labor, the controversies which divide and embitter even Christian men, the jealousies and conceits which divide class from class, will come to their end.

The antithesis of all that the divine law of love reveals and teaches is selfishness. The peril of American life is selfishness, which is wickedly and cruelly aggressive, which hesitates not to rob others for its own enrichment. There is a selfishness which is actively and passionately self-pleasing. It will sacrifice any other to its sensual demands. There is also a selfishness which is idly and contemptuously indifferent to the needs, the sorrows, the interests of others.

The latter form of selfishness is the more dangerous because it is the most prevalent. The selfishness of the robber and the libertine will, of course, be condemned. But this is the selfishness of the man who though he be priest or Levite, who, seeing his brother fallen among thieves, passes by on the other side; the selfishness of the man who, in town and city and state and country we need men who will toil and sacrifice, if need be, to hand down the inheritance to their children, and who, in turn, are unimpaired, but enriched and enlarged.

The corner-stone of the nation is the hearthstone. Give us pure, sweet, Christian love, and the nation will be saved. But if the children of today are to be allowed to grow up without obedience to the law of love, the nation will be lost. The edge of the sword of God or regard for the Sabbath and the sanctuary, the horizon of the future is dark and ominous indeed.

The education that does not teach the fear of God and the love of man, that does not develop character, is lamentably incomplete.

The peril of today is the frivolity and lack of earnestness, the individualism which knows no law but its own impulse, the indifference to duty but its own self-pleasing.

Oh, for a little more of the iron that was in our fathers' blood! Oh, for their love, their courage, their faith, their high thoughts, their spirit of sacrifice and achievement for their fellows and for their posterity!

The vice that sits in high places, governing great cities in its own interests, taking toll of harlots and gamblers and panderers to increase its hoards of filthy lucre, and to make its place secure, will be destroyed when—and not before—good and honorable men are willing to sacrifice ease and time and personal interests to the work of making our cities safe and clean.

When those whose office and oath pledge them to the enforcement of the laws allow law to be defied or evaded, or fear or favor, you have anarchy; you have one code of law in the statute book and another law in the life of the community is social hypocrisy, every way contemptible and as destructive as the hypocrisy of the individual. The duty of the citizen is to obey the law, the duty of the executive is to enforce the law, the duty of the soldier is to defend the law, the duty of the citizen is to obey the law, the duty of the executive is to enforce the law, the duty of the soldier is to defend the law.

We do well to add to our sorrow today an abasement of spirit before God. Because of iniquity the land mourneth. The voice of blood cries from the ground. Let us confess our national sins and bring forth fruits meet for repentance.

The words of the ancient Law-giver come down to us today through the centuries: "Beware that thou forget not the Lord thy God in not keeping His commandments and His ordinances and His statutes, when thou shalt have multiplied and hast built goodly houses and dwelt therein; and when thy herds and thy flocks multiply and thy silver and thy gold and all thy treasures shall be multiplied; then thy heart be lifted up and thou forget the Lord thy God."

We look around today upon a goody heritage. In spite of all, notwithstanding the grave which closes today, notwithstanding that some pages of our history have been written in blood and blood, we have much to fill us with thankfulness and to inspire us with hope.

We rejoice in the large inheritance received from our fathers. They bequeathed to us the priceless bequest of civil and religious liberty. They bequeathed to us the church, the school, the open Bible. They left us the tradition of devoted patriotism, the example of noble lives. They were men who were not ashamed to kneel in prayer, nor afraid to stand in the front of their country, they consecrated all to the commands of duty the glory of their lives was that they lived for others and not for themselves.

What legacy shall we bequeath to our children? Shall we leave them dishonored? Shall we leave them a land of lawlessness? Shall we leave them a land where our fathers found their strength in God? Shall we transmit to them a profaned Sabbath, robbed of its hallowed sweetness and calm? Shall we launch our children on the unknown and perilous seas without chart or compass or compass of illuminated conscience? Or shall we bequeath to them a fairer heritage than we have known?

We thank God for the typical life so presented to us today. We thank Him for the laurels of honor and immortality.

of remembrance on the grave of William McKinley. Son of a good, sensible, Christian man, who reared up her child in the way he should go. The American boy, frank, honest, fearless, joyous and active, but always true to God and to conscience. Winning his place in an honorable profession—quitting home and all to shoulder a musket at his country's call—brave soldier—wise legislator—sagacious statesman—strong and tender, patient and faithful—our president twice elected—the filial son, the loving husband, the devoted and manly Christian. It is in such lives that our country finds greatest security for what we have and for what we hope for. The noblest tribute we can render to the man we mourn and honor, the best gift we can lay upon the altar of our country, is to follow the example of William McKinley—citizen and Christian.

After an anthem by the choir and singing "Nearer My God to Thee," by the congregation, Rev. S. C. Bushnell closed with the benediction. The decorations at the church were by a committee of five from the Woman's Relief Corps. The plants and flowers were furnished through the courtesy of David Duncan, the Pleasant street florist.

The memorial services were held at eleven o'clock, in the Unitarian church, which was packed to the doors. A flag covered the doorway to the church, and the pulpit was decorated with palms. An electric light was placed on the altar. The late president, with the American flag in the background, made a very tasteful memorial.

The services were under the direction of Rev. Carleton A. Staples, pastor of the church, and he was assisted by Rev. C. F. Carter, of the Congregational church, and Rev. L. D. Cochrane, of the Follen church, East Lexington. Seats were reserved for the veterans of the Grand Army and the town officials in the church, as was the custom 150 years ago.

Rev. L. D. Cochrane read the opening prayer, after which Miss Frizelle sang a very touching hymn. After scripture reading the hymn sung at the funeral in Buffalo was rendered. Rev. C. F. Carter then delivered a fine address. He eulogized Mr. McKinley and said it was domestic virtue which was the secret of his power. Then was sung "Nearer My God to Thee."

John F. Hutchinson, as representative of the town, was called upon to make a few remarks. He said he had the rare opportunity to meet the late president last May at the White house, and that it was quite noticeable when one saw how he had of making every one feel at home and as if they had known each other a long time. He also noticed, during the last few days of his life, an abundance of reverence was expressed by every one for Mr. McKinley, and he thought that McKinley had done more to cement the friendship between the north and south than any one in the past.

Geo. Wright spoke for the G. A. R. He spoke of McKinley as a brilliant young man, who was a soldier, a statesman, a patriot, a man of high character and high ability. He spoke of McKinley as a man who was a step by step until he got to be commander of the Army of the United States, and closed by saying, "We all love him, and we all love the wisdom he leaves behind."

Rev. C. A. Staples then delivered an appropriate address, closing with a short prayer, after which the national hymn, "America," was sung.

Rev. C. F. Carter pronounced the benediction.

Memorial services were held in Village hall, Thursday evening, Rev. H. W. Wellington, of Lowell, delivered a very interesting address, and Rev. L. D. Cochrane, made remarks.

A union service between the several Waverley churches was held in the Congregational church, Thursday afternoon. The opening prayer was made by Rev. Mr. Gilman after which the quartet sang "Nearer My God to Thee." Mr. McKinley's favorite hymn, Rev. Mr. Gilman read the Scripture lesson, "Nearer My God to Thee" was then rendered. The quartet sang "Sometime We'll Understand." The address was eulogizing President McKinley was made by Rev. Chas. A. Allen, Representative Thomas L. Creeley and Rev. Mr. Gilman. My Country "Tis of Thee" was sung, after which Mr. Gilman pronounced the benediction.

TIMOTHY F. O'BRIEN.

Timothy F. O'Brien, aged 45 years, died suddenly Sunday about noon, at his home, 11 Mt. Vernon street, Arlington.

He had attended divine service during the morning at St. Agnes' church and returned about 10 o'clock, when his wife and son left for the later service. In their absence he was taken suddenly ill, but was able to summon aid from the other part of the house.

His family was sent for, but they were unable to return in time to see him while conscious. Death is supposed to have been due to an apoplectic shock. He had appeared in the morning hours and did not complain of any ill feeling.

The funeral was Tuesday morning, at high noon, at St. Agnes' church, celebrated by Rev. S. Malone. Interment was at Mt. Pleasant cemetery.

Mr. O'Brien had been a life-long resident of Arlington and was very well known. He was employed as an upholsterer for the Copley Square hotel in Boston, and previously was engaged in the furniture business in Arlington.

His wife, Mrs. Sarah M. Robinson O'Brien, and three sons, Frank, John and Fred, all of Arlington.

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BELMONT AND WAVERLEY.

(Continued from Page One.)

appointed love, and yet this poor woman was helpless to \$3,000,000 held in trust. Many congratulations have been extended Representative Creely upon his success in securing a free transfer station at Mt. Auburn for the accommodation of Waverley and Watertown people.

The cigar lighter which has adorned Crocker's drug store counter for so long doing no one any good, has at last been charged and put into working order to the evident delight of the smokers.

Dr. Middleton has gone to Quincy to practice medicine.

Malcomb and Robert Hall, sons of Robert Hall, have been confined to the house for a number of days with deep seated colds.

The many signs of loyalty to our late president and sorrow over his death that have been displayed in Waverley by mourning decorations have been looked upon by all with deep feeling. One, however, which appeared in a postoffice block window showing a picture of President McKinley standing beside a chair appropriately draped, depicting the "Vacant chair," showed considerable originality.

Melvin O. Higgins, an employee of James E. Flagg, has returned from his vacation, which was very pleasantly passed at Bourne.

The petition which is being circulated throughout Waverley as a first step to secure legislation to govern anarchy more thoroughly, and copies of which can be found in the postoffice, is creating a great deal of interest, a large number of citizens having signed it.

W. M. Sanders of Moline, O., who has been in Waverley visiting his parents, on Moraine street, left Saturday to resume his duties as cashier in the employ of the C. & Q. R. R., at Moline.

Fifty Italian laborers, who have been working on laying the tracks for the Concord & Boston Street Railway company, left this week.

Mrs. G. B. Bryant, who has been visiting Mrs. Scammon for several weeks, has returned to her home in Evanston, Ill.

E. W. Hatch has returned and is again driving the National express wagon.

Clarence Russell has returned from Bourne.

MR. AND MRS. JOHN FENDERSON.

The Boston Globe recently had the following article in regard to Mr. and Mrs. John Fenserson of Waverley:

John Fenserson and Eliza E. Savage, now of Waverley, were married at Rowley on April 11, 1849, by Rev. John Pike. So it will be noticed they have all around to celebrate it strictly in family. This course may have been prompted by a sentiment inspired by recollection of the simplicity of circumstances which surrounded their wedding.

Without fuss they drove to the minister's and were married, and that same afternoon the bridegroom went back to his work. Each was content with his lot, and from present to future their diamond wedding anniversary, the date of the golden one being now over-passed by about 14 years.

There was another important event in the lives of Mr. and Mrs. Fenserson, the semi-centennial of which came around within the past week past week. Speaking, perhaps, this is the man's exclusive affair, being a matter of bread-winning. Reference is made to his 50 years of continuous service in the employ of the Fitchburg division of the Boston & Maine railroad.

It began Sept. 1, 1851, continues to the mutual advantage of employer and employee, and from present indications of the physical strength and mental acumen of the latter, is not likely to terminate for many years.

Mr. Fenserson is a native of Maine. He was born in Parsonsfield, March 15, 1826. His wife was a Charlestown girl whose parents enjoyed the respect and esteem of the community. Her father had very considerable business interests in the Bunker Hill town.

Until the age of 18, Mr. Fenserson was engaged in his father's business. In 1844 he came up to Boston to seek and to try his fortune. It proved favorable in several important respects. First of all, blinded by a proper self-respect, he has always enjoyed the best of health, as has also his amiable consort. Endowed with a fund of native good sense, he has had the respect of his fellow-citizens, who have on several occasions chosen him for their representative in positions of public honor and trust.

His fidelity in business affairs has gained him the confidence of